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"BOSOM FRIENDS."—BY C. T. GARLAND.  
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The placing of Miss Fawcett above the Senior Wrangler for the year is certainly the most remarkable educational event that has ever occurred in this country. The victory of Miss Ramsay in classics, great as it was, was less amazing, because in that branch of learning she had had her prototypes. But mathematics have long been supposed to be beyond the feminine grasp. There was Mrs. Somerville, of course; and I remember that when Miss Martineau translated Comte she sent the mathematical portion to a great authority, who replied that it needed no correction. But such examples were only thought to prove the rule. A learned man, who was a Government inspector of girls' schools, assured me, quite seriously, not more than ten years ago, that he did not believe there was a woman in the United Kingdom who understood the principle of the Rule of Three. All these theories of the superiority of man in the lecture-room are now exploded, and great is the detonation thereof.

It is curious that the advance of female education in this country, though distinct enough, and of late most remarkable, has always been fitful. Macaulay comments on its low standard in the seventeenth century as compared with both earlier and later times. In George the Second's reign, we are gravely informed, by a writer who is addressing himself not to the masses but the classes, "Reading is as needful for one sex as the other; nor should girls be forbidden to handle a pen, or to cast up a few figures, since it may be much to their advantage in after life. . . . I would fain persuade ladies," he says, "to acquaint themselves with true spelling, the want of which is one reason why they are ashamed to write." A dramatist of the time has the ill manners to speak thus of a lady's letter—

It is a woman's, Sir, I know by the hand  
And the false orthography; they write old Saxon.

Yet in Henry the Eighth's reign there were many ladies of considerable erudition. In his epistle to Queen Catherine, Nicolas Udal expresses his thanks to Providence for "the number of noble women, yea, and how many in the years of tender virginity, who in this realm of England are as familiarly traded in the Latin and Greek languages as in their own mother tongue; moreover, in all kinds of profane literature and liberal arts, exacted, studied, exercised. . . . Neither is it now a strange thing to hear gentlewomen, instead of most vain communication about the moon shining in the water [a very pretty touch], to use grave and substantial talk in Latin and Greek." But even these wonderful women did not distinguish themselves in mathematics. At a much earlier date, it is true, there were some who did, as, for example, Hypatia; only, instead of becoming Senior Wrangler, she was scraped to death with oyster-shells by her unsuccessful competitors in what answered to "the trips."

A gentleman has been suing another for "commission" upon the ground of a few words of politeness. So far from their costing nothing, as the proverb informs us, he estimated their value at several hundred pounds. The Judge considered the demand to be not only unjustifiable but "scandalous"; but there is always danger in being genial in an auction-room, where the conversation in question took place. A friend of mine, who had a pleasant manner of nodding his head approvingly to any observation addressed to him by a fellow-creature, had his civility rewarded on one occasion by the possession of a set of crimson silk curtains. He had to pay eighty pounds for them, however; and as he lived in lodgings, and had but a moderate income, it was a serious inconvenience. For my part, I never dare look at an auctioneer when engaged in his vocation, for, though I have no idea of bidding, I feel the greatest desire to encourage him. Though not exactly philanthropy, it is a "nervous affection," and I am far from being ashamed of it. Homer himself, it is said, sometimes used to "nod," though probably not at auctions.

Some parochial authorities have got into trouble for sending an application for the payment of church rates accompanied with an intimation that if not paid the defaulters would be proceeded against in a court of law. As the rate is voluntary, such a proceeding was, to say the least of it, impudent enough; and the defence of it—that no parishioner was likely to be frightened by such a foolish threat—is even more so. People are very easily frightened—and no wonder—by the menace of being drawn into the meshes of the Law, and it is one that has not, hitherto, been used by churchwardens. It is, indeed, the habitual weapon of a very large class of rogues. They write to their victim that if such and such an unjust demand is not instantly complied with they shall "proceed against him," "invoke the assistance of the law," or some similar phrase. They are about as likely to do so as a burglar to call in the police to assist him in his depredations, but the poor wretch does not know that. He has heard of the glorious uncertainty of the Law, but has a general impression that the odds are not in favour of the innocent; and rather than incur possible risk, and certain worry and inconvenience, he submits to be blackmailed. That an engine of oppression of this kind should have been put in motion by respectable people is a matter of amazement indeed.

The getting a duck to sit, which has long been the trouble with photographers of "Professional Beauties," has at last been overcome by a hypnotist, though, in his case, the duck was a hen. Having had some eggs sent him for hatching purposes, he determined to exercise his marvellous mesmeric powers upon a hen he had by him—not, it appears, "naturally broody." It took this scientific gentleman half an hour a day to persuade her to perform this not unusual office, but at last it was accomplished. The feat reminds one of the method recommended for killing fleas by the American vendor of insect powder: "First catch your flea, and, holding it delicately

between your finger and thumb, compel it to swallow, &c." Why could he not have held the hen upon the eggs at once, and saved his vital energies from the strain induced by the exercise of this magic power? However, the fact that it has an effect on hens is a distinct advantage, as, hitherto, its influence has been mainly confined to geese.

Those who have read "Foul Play" will remember the device by which the not as yet "happy pair" of lovers contrived to communicate with the world without, while prisoners on their beautiful but out-of-the-way island. The idea has now been taken (as usual when a novelist is to be robbed) without acknowledgment, by the Government of Canada. It proposes to make, not wild ducks indeed, but pigeons—"Queen's messengers" between Halifax and Sable Island. Provisions are kept at the latter spot for the relief of shipwrecked mariners, but there is at present no means of making their position known to folks on the mainland. Ten pairs of birds have been already shipped for this purpose. One can imagine another novel, with its scene laid at Sable Island, wherein some of those reckless and short-sighted characters always to be found in shipwrecks might sacrifice their prospective hopes of freedom to the immediate desire for pigeon pie.

The lives of professional beauties have been discoursed upon as illustrating the ephemeral character of Fame. Ten years is the very longest span to which their reign extends, and the latter part of that is "labour and sorrow" to those who would retain their supremacy. A woman who trusts to her looks alone for her position in the world is, indeed, in a pitiable position if she allows herself any reflection beyond that of her looking-glass. Yet even she has a long life compared with that of the "high-mettled racer" who has once been "the favourite" for the Derby or the Oaks. "A really good horse," says a sporting writer, "that runs on till he is six years old, and leaves the turf, is altogether an exception." Donovan, we read, has already gone amiss. Chitabob has broken down, and Ormonde, and The Bard, and Plaisanterie, and half a dozen others, who but yesterday filled the mouths of men. They were talked about, in their day, more than any poet, philosopher, or even prizefighter, and had a far larger following; and now nobody cares twopence about them. If anybody wants to speak from the old text, *Vanitas vanitatum* (which one hopes he doesn't, for it is getting a little trite), he cannot have an apter illustration than the British racehorse. As a topic of conversation he seems to the outsider monotonous, worse even than "the vintages," and yet with how many thousands does his interest never fail! It is no use his being short-lived (confound him!), because no sooner is he out of the running than another takes his place. We speak with sublime contempt of nations who have deified the serpent, the cow, and the beetle, but a day will come when the finger of posterity will point at us as having worshipped that animal, fleet as his fame, the racehorse.

This cult has, nevertheless, its enemies, and the way in which they conduct their warfare, as stated by one of themselves, is noteworthy. They go to the Derby "in white hats, light kid gloves, and grey suits" (just as spies put on the garments of the foe), in order to be identified with the sporting public. It is their object—in order that they may get a hearing—to look "as unlike Mr. Stiggins or Mr. Chadband as possible." But, once on the course, they begin to preach against horseracing. The sin is not without its attractions for some of themselves, "earnest" young men, who have volunteered to help them, but who cannot help feeling some share in the general excitement—so that directly the bell rings for each race the missionaries are all marched off to their tent for prayer-meeting. It must be really a curious contrast—the tens of thousands without wrapped in the coming "event," with all its striking and brilliant accessories, and the score or two of devotees within engaged in such a wholly different occupation. Anyone who gives sign of worldliness—of a preference to pray *between* the races, rather than while they are going on—"is presented at once with his return ticket to town": we are not told whether he goes there, but, as a point of honour, he seems bound to do so. When General Peel was at the War Office, this obligation was the other way. The General used to give a holiday to his subordinates upon the Derby day, on the express understanding that they went to the races, and did not fritter away their time at home with their wives and children.

The head missionary against horse-racing possesses, it would seem, an unexpected gift of humour. A tipster gave him a hint of the winner on one occasion, which was "quickly written down on his little folded card, with blanks inside and texts without." After the race, in which the tipster had shown himself a true prophet, he came to the missionary and said, "Come, I gave you the straight tip: you might, at least, give me an advertisement in return." Whereupon the good man did so. "This gentleman standing here," he said, "was so good as to tell me which would be the winning horse; but I put nothing on it, because, when I put my hand in my pocket, I like to feel my own money there, and not that of another man." "That is a little rough on me," observed his would-be benefactor. "Nay, Sir, you must not expect an advertisement," replied the evangelist, "without paying for it." As to the success of this enterprise, no details are vouchsafed to us; but no less than five thousand copies of the Bible, we are told, were distributed on the course this year.

Apropos of a fashionably dressed individual pervading the northern capital, now in male and now in female attire, with the supposed object of robbing hotels, a theatrical costumier writes to the *Times* to say "that's a mere nothing," and only shows how easy it is to astonish the Scotch. Why, in London, he says, he disguises people every day, "mostly jealous husbands desirous of watching their wives." They every one of them wear wigs, not necessarily because they are bald, though they

often are, but as the best means of destroying their identity. It has long been understood that we don't know how half the world lives, but that any considerable portion of it should occupy themselves in this way is rather startling. I have tried most things in literature, but never interviewing, and I shall now begin with that costumier. He must have a great many interesting things to tell one. It was always the theory of a great novelist—though you would never gather it from his published works—that life was full of melodramas. He saw a love-letter in every bouquet, and a skeleton, not only in the closet, but on the landing of the staircase in every ball-room. It is a pity he has not lived to read that wig-maker's letter; for, next to being read, he liked nothing so much as having his views corroborated. If a duchess eloped with a crossing sweeper, or a divine murdered his mother, it never astonished him. He only remarked, "There, now, did not I tell you so?"

It is sometimes difficult to recognise where generosity becomes lavishness; but there cannot be two opinions about the matter in the following case, which is extracted from an Indian paper: A Brahmin in Bengal has recently given his six aunts, eight sisters, and four daughters—a total of eighteen in all—in marriage to one person. This is lavishness—nay, considering the preponderance of the female population over the male, it is wicked waste. These brides of three generations were "in age from about fifty to three months, while the bridegroom is at present but ten years old." There is a great run on Brahminism just now: philosophers and others are taking it up in that earnest spirit so much commended by the gentlemen who are so good as to do our thinking for us nowadays; but it cannot last long at this rate.

## "BOSOM FRIENDS."

The first two decades of a life, on which kind Fortune smiles, generally bring with them "bosom friends" of various sorts and kinds. In the earlier years quadrupeds are apt to reign supreme—and with good reason too, for, as a rule, they seem to understand children even better than "grown-ups," however much these latter may command their obedience. The little maiden in Mr. Garland's clever picture (hung too high in the first room at Burlington House to be properly appreciated) has been doubly happy in her playmates, and can divide her affections between the English terrier and the French poodle. The artist shows a delicate sense of humour in his rendering of the national characteristics of the two animals, contrasting the downright direct appeal of the English dog with the posing and posturing antics of the French one. How often "Dolly" may be called upon to make peace between the rivals we tremble to think; but she has a soft and winning smile, which her doggies will be the first to understand. Yet, when called upon to display sternness, we can imagine that she will be equal to the occasion, and allow no appeal against the commands she issues or the favours she bestows. She in her sway and they in their thralldom are alike happy and contented, and perhaps she finds her task more easy than it will be, a few years later, to keep the balance between the rival claims of bipeds who will be attracted by her bright face and her happy smile.

## SKETCHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The island discovered in 1497 by the Bristol merchant Sebastian Cabot, sailing on an expedition chartered by our King Henry VII., and colonised by several parties of English adventurers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is situated near the south-east coast of Labrador, at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is larger than Ireland, being 350 miles long with 130 miles average breadth, and having an area of 40,000 square miles; but little of the interior has been occupied by settlers, though we are assured that many districts are fertile land, with a much finer and milder climate than that of the sea-coast. The climate inland, being almost free from fogs, and not being affected by the Arctic Ocean current, is far warmer in winter than the climate of Canada, the thermometer rarely falling below zero, and in summer not rising to above seventy or eighty degrees: it is certainly a very healthy climate. Agriculture and stock-rearing, and probably sheep, might do as well in Newfoundland as in Scotland, while the mineral resources of the island—coal, iron, copper, lead, perhaps also silver and gold—are known to be of great value; but all these opportunities have been strangely neglected. The inhabitants have chiefly devoted their attention to the cod-fishery, which is mainly carried on in the open Atlantic, over the vast shoals called the Banks of Newfoundland, extending six or seven hundred miles south-east of the island, and 250 miles broad: this, with the seal-hunting, the salmon and herring fisheries, also the new trade in canned lobsters from the western shore, and the working of some copper-mines, supplies yearly exports to the value of more than five million dollars.

The whole population is under 200,000 of British, Irish, and French origin, the native Indian race being extinct. Two thirds of the people are Roman Catholics. The only part of Newfoundland yet fairly settled and inhabited is its south-east extremity, the small peninsula of Avalon, between Trinity Bay and Placentia Bay, including the town of St. John's, which is the only town, and is a good commercial port, with a large graving-dock. It is certainly remarkable that the oldest British colony, and the nearest to us at home, within five days' steamship voyage, a country as much favoured by nature as some parts of the British Islands, and preferable to Lower Canada, should remain in such a neglected condition. Newfoundland has not joined the other British North American provinces in the Federal Union of the Canadian Dominion. Its Governor, who rules also the small island of Anticosti and part of the Labrador coast, is assisted by a Legislative Council and an elected House of Assembly. We have already mentioned the neighbouring French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and the treaty rights of the French fishermen to land and dry their fish on the western coasts of Newfoundland, and to take herrings, caplin, and other small fish used for bait in the common fishery of cod.

The photographs by Mr. S. H. Parsons, of St. John's, and sent to us by Mr. W. C. Bourchier, of H.M.S. *Lion*, from which our Engravings are copied, represent some aspects of the Newfoundland shores in winter and early spring: the boats of the fishing fleet, hard bound in the drift-ice; the breaking-up of the ice in St. John's harbour; and the arrival, in April 1886, of the steamer bringing Governor Sir G. W. Des Voeux, who has latterly been succeeded by Governor Sir Terence O'Brien. In the foreground of the view last mentioned is seen one of the scaffolds or stages on which the codfish are spread for drying, and which yield a very strong and disagreeable smell.



## THE COURT.

Her Majesty has been leading a tranquil life at Balmoral, driving out nearly every day. Major-General Sir Christopher Teesdale, V.C., K.C.M.G., was introduced to her Majesty's presence on June 11 by Major Sir Fleetwood Edwards, K.C.B., and, after receiving his badge of office from the Queen, kissed hands on his appointment as Master of the Ceremonies. The Duchess of Edinburgh, with Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, left the castle on the 12th. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, the 15th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal Household, by the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal of Scotland, and Chaplain to the Queen. Dr. Cameron Lees had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family. According to arrangements, the Queen and Princess Beatrice were to leave Balmoral on the 20th for Windsor Castle, arriving there the next morning. They return from Scotland earlier than was expected, in order that her Majesty may receive the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

A State Concert given at Buckingham Palace on June 12 was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and others, as described in another column. The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, Princess Christian, the Duchess of Fife, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and the Duc d'Orléans witnessed the performance of "Roméo et Juliette" at the Royal Italian Opera. On the 13th the Princess of Wales, Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and several other members of the Royal family attended the concert given at St. James's Hall in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Colonel Stanley Clarke, Lady Brooke and party, on the 12th visited Audley End Mansion, the seat of Lord and Lady Braybrooke, where they took luncheon. The Prince of Wales returned to Marlborough House on the 14th from Easton Lodge, where he had been for a day or two. Accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Prince and Princess were present at a garden party given by the Marquis of Hartington at Devonshire House. The Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who arrived from York, dined with the Master (the Duke of Edinburgh) and Elder Brethren of the Corporation of the Trinity House in the evening, at the Trinity House, Tower-hill. The Princess, Princess Victoria, and the Duchess of Edinburgh witnessed the performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Royal Italian Opera. On Sunday morning, the 15th, the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service. In the afternoon the Prince and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale visited Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar at the Hôtel Métropole. On behalf of the Queen, the Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James's Palace on the 16th. There was a fair attendance. The Prime Minister, all the Cabinet Ministers, and members of the Diplomatic Corps were present. Before proceeding to the Levée the Prince stood in a group of officers of the 10th Hussars—of which regiment he is full Colonel—who, to the number of about thirty, were photographed in the garden at the rear of Marlborough House. The Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of the Council of his Royal Highness, held at the Office of the Duchy of Cornwall, Buckingham-gate. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales left Marlborough House on Monday afternoon for the purpose of attending Ascot races. Their Royal Highnesses and party travelled from town by special South-Western train, and arrived at Sunningdale Park shortly before seven o'clock.—The Duchess of Fife was, on June 16, prematurely delivered of a stillborn male child at East Sheen Lodge. Her Royal Highness is going on favourably. The Duchess attended the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club, where she got a severe wetting.—The Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Monday, July 7.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh returned to Clarence House on June 13. On the 14th the Duke and Duchess were present at the marriage of Captain Walter Hill Chetwynd, brother of Sir George Chetwynd, with Edomé, eldest daughter of the Hon. D. and Mrs. Monson. The marriage was celebrated at St. Dionis's Church, Fulham. The Duke and Duchess left Clarence House on the 16th for Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, on a visit to Prince and Princess Christian, for the Ascot week. The Duke has been appointed to succeed Admiral Sir William Dowell as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught sailed from Quebec on June 12 for England, on board the Allan steamer Sardinian. An immense crowd had gathered on the quays, and loudly cheered their Royal Highnesses. Salutes were fired from the Citadel, and the shipping in the harbour was gaily decorated. Their Royal Highnesses are expected to arrive at Liverpool on the 21st.

Prince and Princess Christian, who have been staying, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, at Buckingham Palace, left London on June 14 for Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, where they reside during Ascot week. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, the second son of Prince and Princess Christian, has arrived at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, from Germany, on a visit to his parents.

Princess Louise, on June 17, laid the foundation-stone of a home for girls at Forest-hill. Some of the streets were gaily decorated, and the Princess was loudly cheered along the route.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, who had been on a brief visit to St. Malo and Mont St. Michel, returned to Jersey on the 14th, on board her Majesty's gunboat Mistletoe. On the 15th he left in his yacht, the Sheila, for Guernsey, his intention being, it is stated, to visit Alderney before returning to England.

There was a large attendance at the Levée held by the Duke of Cambridge, on June 12, at the Horse Guards.

The remains of the Marchioness of Ely were interred, on June 16, at Kensal-green Cemetery, after a service held in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, where her Majesty was represented by Princess Christian and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family, the Emperor of Germany, and the Empress Frederick being also represented. The Duchess of Albany was present, and a numerous and distinguished company.

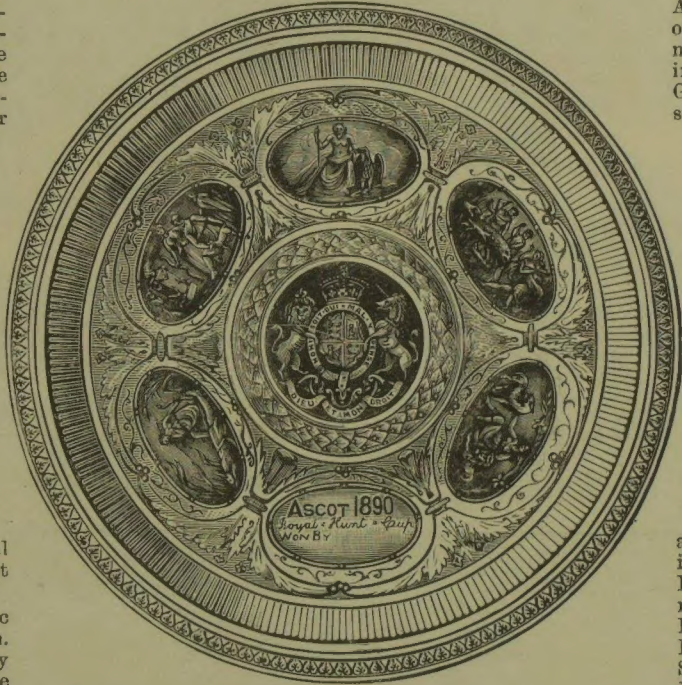
The Home Secretary's Police Superannuation Bill has been issued to members of Parliament. Several meetings of members of the Metropolitan force have been held, opinions being freely expressed in condemnation of the measure.

At Oxford it has been decided, by 75 votes against 58, to further the promulgation of the statute admitting women to the University examination for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. The approval of Convocation will, however, be necessary before it becomes finally a statute of the University.

## ASCOT.

Royal Ascot continues to be the most delightful of race-meetings, a happy hunting-ground for Society flirts as well as the scene of some of the keenest contests of the year. Commencing on June 17, in cloudy weather, which rendered the sober grey and brown and drab dresses of a goodly number of the fair visitors quite appropriate, the great fashionable meeting was later favoured with sunshine, which added to the beauty of the gay and lustrous silks and becoming white frocks worn on the brighter days. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, drove over from Sunningdale; and the Royal party at Ascot, where they are always sure of a hearty greeting, also comprised the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and Princess Christian. Radiant looked the Royal enclosure. Kaleidoscopic were the colours of the costumes worn on the numerous coaches. Notabilities of the political, fashionable, and financial worlds were to be recognised everywhere.

The first day's racing was notable for the signal defeat of



THE ASCOT ROYAL HUNT CUP.

the beaten Derby favourite, Surefoot, in the race for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. Mr. T. Cannon won the Trial Stakes with True Blue II., Colonel North the Thirty-third Biennial with Simonian, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth the Prince of Wales's Stakes with Alloway, Sir R. Jardine the Ascot Stakes with Lord Lorne, Mr. J. B. Leigh the Coventry Stakes with The Deemster, Mr. A. M. Singer the Gold Vase with Tyrant, and Prince Soltkyoff the Thirty-sixth Triennial with Gold. The filly by Bend Or—Labyrinth was purchased by the Prince of Wales just before the race for the Gold Vase, and carried the Heir Apparent's colours. She ran well, but had to put up with third position to Tyrant and L'Abbesse de Jouarre, the former of which won by a length and a half.

Wednesday was a pleasant day. There was widespread regret that the Prince of Wales's horse The Imp, which lately won the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park, did not win the Royal Hunt Cup. Lord Hartington had the satisfaction of gaining this handsome prize with Morion, Colonel North's Philomel being second, and Miss Dollar third. Surefoot made some slight amends for his defeat on the first day by winning the Thirty-second Ascot Biennial Stakes for Mr. A. W. Merry; and the Ascot Derby Stakes fell to Lord Calthorpe's Battle Axe, Lord Durham's Circassian being second, and Baron de Rothschild's Flibustier third. It should be added that a pleasant ripple of excitement was caused by the Royal processions in Ascot state on the Tuesday and Thursday of the meeting.

The Royal Hunt Cup for Ascot this year is manufactured by Messrs. Hancocks and Co., of Bruton-street, Bond-street. It is a Cellini-shaped ewer, boldly chased with designs illustrating one of the legends of the goddess Diana. On the front, Actæon, mounted on horseback, with his hounds, surprising Diana as she bathes; on the reverse side, Actæon transformed into a stag, pursued by his own hounds. The handle is supported by a figure of Victory, and below it is the mask of Jupiter. This ewer is accompanied by a dish for rose-water, embellished with five medallions in high relief, and with the Imperial and Royal arms in the centre.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

"L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose!" The old dictum is recalled by the fact that, whereas it was, a short time ago, confidently asserted that the next General Election would find Mr. W. H. Smith again standing as Conservative candidate for the Strand Division, now a serious illness has made him pitifully wan the rumour runs that the First Lord of the Treasury will shortly seek repose in the House of Lords. As Lord Smith? Why not? There would be something thoroughly English in that appellation.

The report may be a mere idle canard, set flying only to be brought down by a well-aimed negative. But there was something in the wistful look in Mr. Smith's pale, thin face, as he sat between gossiping Mr. Goschen and nervous Mr. Matthews, on the Sixteenth of June, that seemed for the moment to substantiate the current rumour. It is not by any manner of means a bed of roses the Leader of the House rests upon. The dissident voices that disturbed the harmony of the Carlton Club meeting called together by Lord Salisbury proved afresh how difficult is the task of leading the Commons. The dissatisfaction expressed by a minority at the Carlton, coupled with the legislative and administrative mistakes of two or three of his colleagues, not unnaturally weighed heavily upon Mr. Smith, whose dreamy gaze at the glass ceiling, when the Tipperary storm had abated on the above-named date, suggested that the badgered, careworn Minister was drawing mind-pictures of the solacing calm of "another place," where the Dillons cease from troubling and statesmen are at rest. If Mr. Smith's state of health absolutely demand that he should be relieved from the cares of leadership, general regret would be caused by his retirement from a post he has filled with admirable tact and good temper, inexhaustible patience, and constant courtesy. In fine, Mr. Smith deservedly enjoys the esteem of the whole House.

The Prime Minister, for his part, is mainly engrossed with foreign affairs. When Lord Salisbury has now and again seemingly dropped into a doze, as some relief from the prosiness of an academic discussion in the House of Lords, he has doubtless in reality been indulging in a reverie as to possible changes which may be looming in the map of the world. It was, at any rate, with some surprise that the public learnt on Waterloo Day that the noble Marquis proposed to cede the little island of Heligoland to Germany, in consideration of that Power's agreement to a British Protectorate of Zanzibar, with the Sultan's permission. I have it on the authority of an Englishman who has for some years past derived pleasure from a holiday in Heligoland that the inhabitants of that island greatly prefer being under British rule. With regard to the Parliamentary aspect of this concession, it is curious that Sir George Campbell and Mr. Labouchere should, in Committee of Supply this Session, have advocated the very surrender Lord Salisbury wishes to make to Germany. It is part and parcel of this important agreement that, while Germany is given, on the north of Lake Tanganyika, the region as far as the Congo State northward to the parallel first degree south latitude, British passengers and British goods having free passage through this territory, Germany, on the East Coast of Africa, resigns her claim to the Sultanate of Vitu, the Islands of Mandu and Patia, and the coast line as far as Juba. It is not long since we were led to believe that it was purely a disinterested desire to help to suppress the Slave Trade that took German men-of-war to the waters of East Africa. Circumstances rather rapidly alter cases.

It is always a pleasure to hear that most eloquent of Prelates the Bishop of Peterborough. Dr. Magee, on the Sixteenth of June, dealt with a much-needed social reform when he prevailed upon the House of Lords to read a second time the Children's Insurance Bill, which was referred to a Select Committee.

The grave diminution of Ministerial majorities in Committee on that which Mr. Gladstone terms the "Public House Endowment Bill," and the great antipathy expressed against the measure throughout the country, would seem to suggest to an impartial mind that the best course would be to drop the Compensation Bill, and leave the vexed question to be settled by different localities as they please. But the Government, in their wisdom, decided not to take this step. On the contrary, Mr. Smith, in making the Ministerial statement as to the progress of public business on the Seventeenth of June, distinctly declared that the Government would press on the Local Taxation Bill (the technical name of the Compensation Bill), as well as the Tithes Bill, the Police Bill, and a few less important measures. In future, Mr. Smith proposed that the House should meet earlier in the year than usual; and he read the terms of a new Standing Order, which will enable the House to take up the consideration in a future Session of any Bill that has not passed through all its stages in a previous Session. The Leader of the House foreshadowed that the Irish Land Purchase Bill would come into this category. Mr. Labouchere later on moved the adjournment, in order to censure the Government for their alleged mismanagement of public business, which task he performed with characteristic gusto. Albeit Mr. Smith secured a majority of 115 against Mr. Labouchere's motion, the Ministry had, in Committee on the unfortunate Compensation Bill, the mortification to see the majority dwindle to 29 on a closure division. Surely it would have been well for the Government's peace of mind to abandon a measure which has deprived them of so many Liberal Unionist votes, and so let their followers enjoy themselves, untrammelled by fear of the "whips" of St. Stephen's, as Ascot Heath, where the Liberal Unionist leader has been taking his pleasure in congenial company, unperturbed by the Monro-Matthews or "shadowing" or licensing controversies of Parliament.

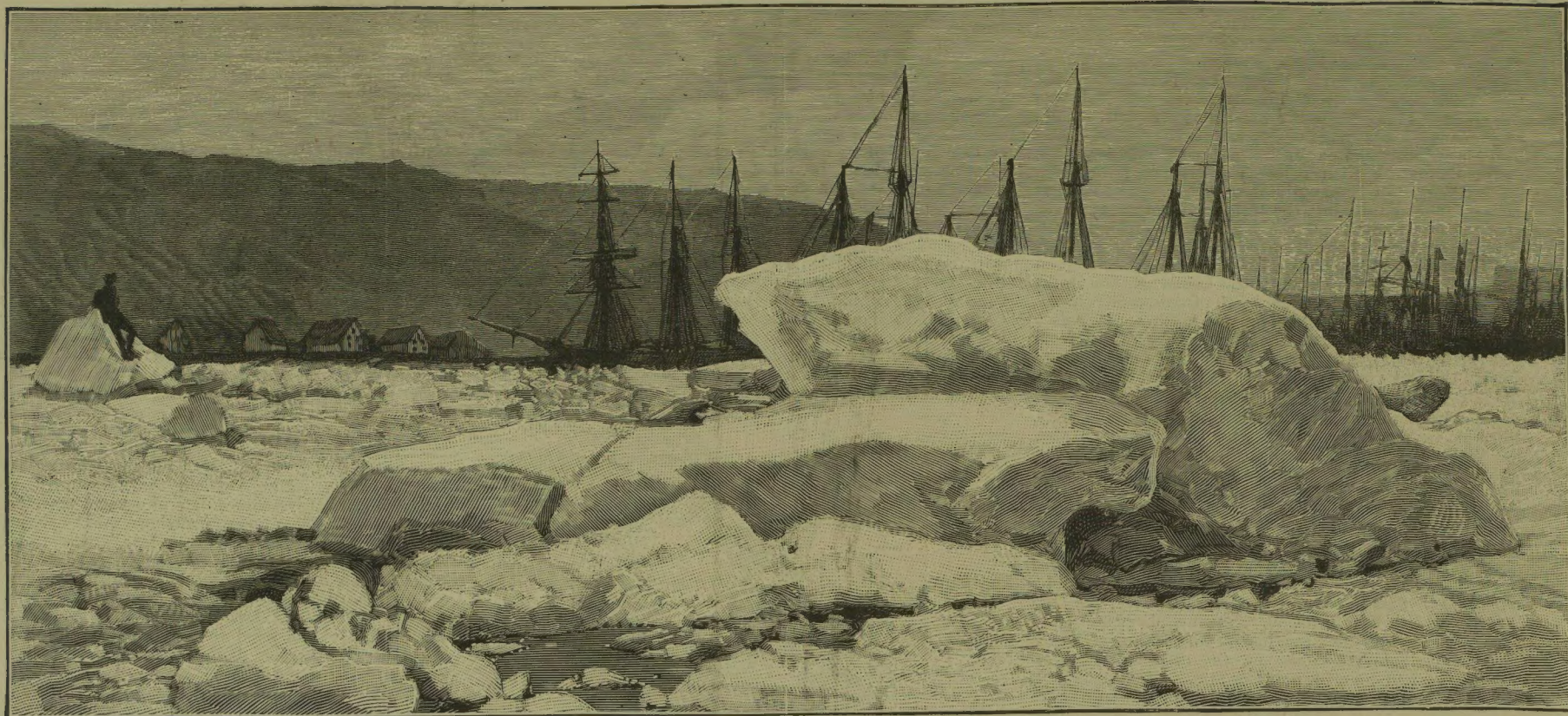
Professor Tyndall has accepted the position of vice-president of the Junior Engineering Society.

Nearly all the Irish members of Parliament attended at the Archbishop's House, Westminster, on June 17, to congratulate Cardinal Manning on the silver jubilee of his episcopate, and to present him with an illuminated address as a mark of their esteem and admiration.

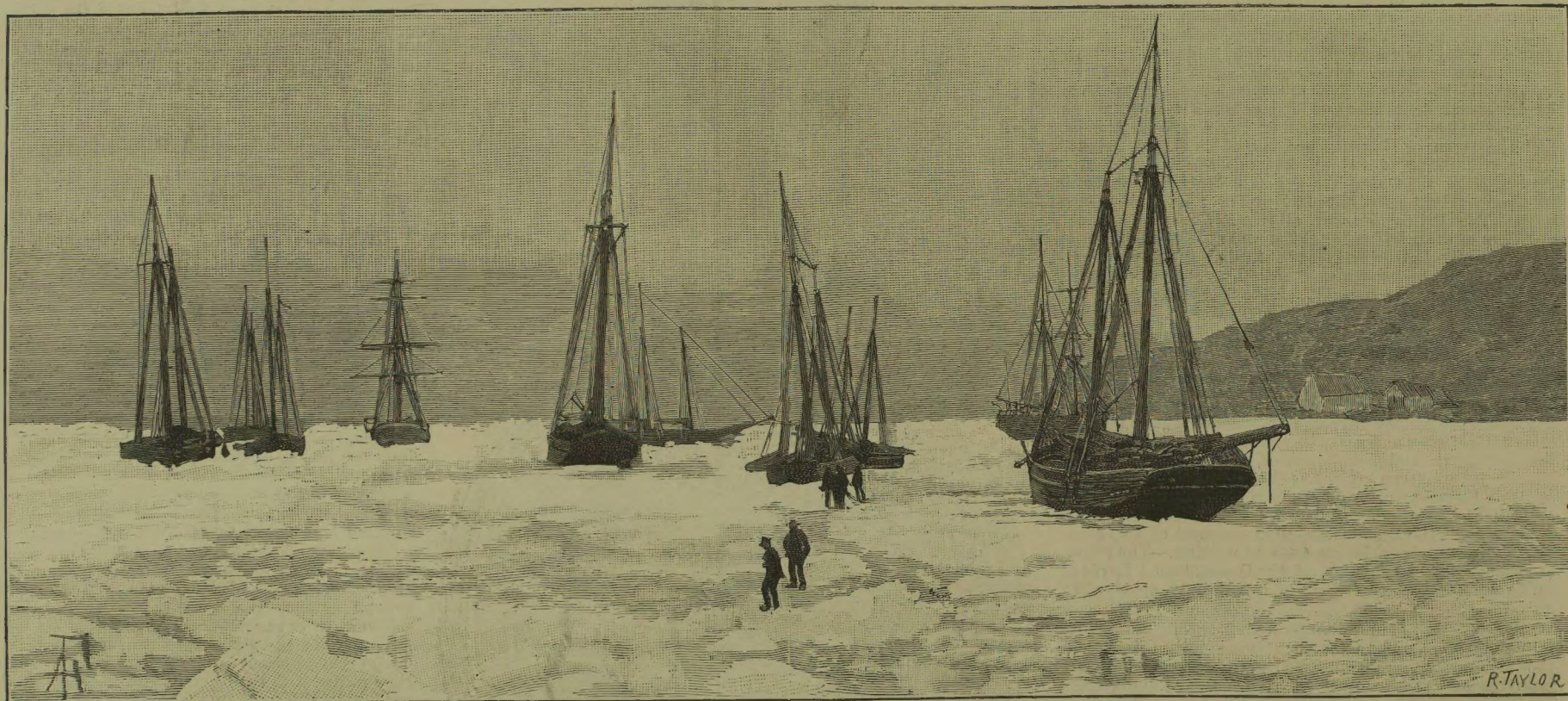
At the twenty-eighth anniversary meeting of the Mission to the French in London, held at Grove House, Regent's Park, it was stated that the schools in Fitzroy-square had been attended by 247 children during the year, the receipts had been £3298, and the expenditure £3366, leaving a deficit of £68.

The London Gregorian Choral Association, founded in 1870 to promote the study and practice of "plain song" or chant by church congregations, held its annual festival in St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday evening, June 12. The officiating organist was Dr. C. Warwick Jordan; and the assembly performed several processional hymns, the "Magnificat," an anthem by Dr. Martin, the Psalms and Canticles, the responses, offertory hymns, and the "Nunc Dimittis" in excellent style. This association, which has the patronage of several of the Bishops and of the Dean of St. Paul's and some of the London parish clergy, seems to be doing useful work.

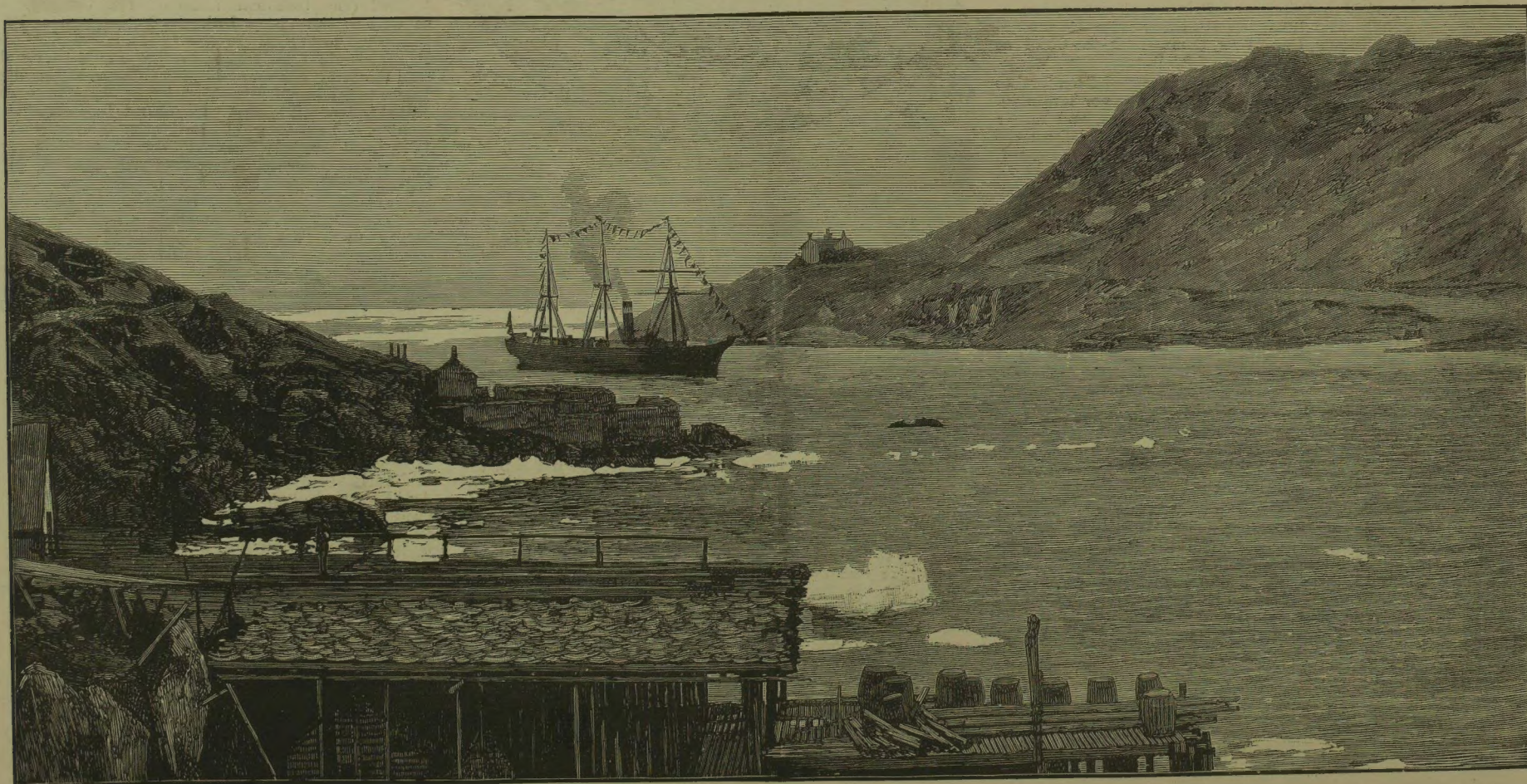




EARLY SPRING IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.



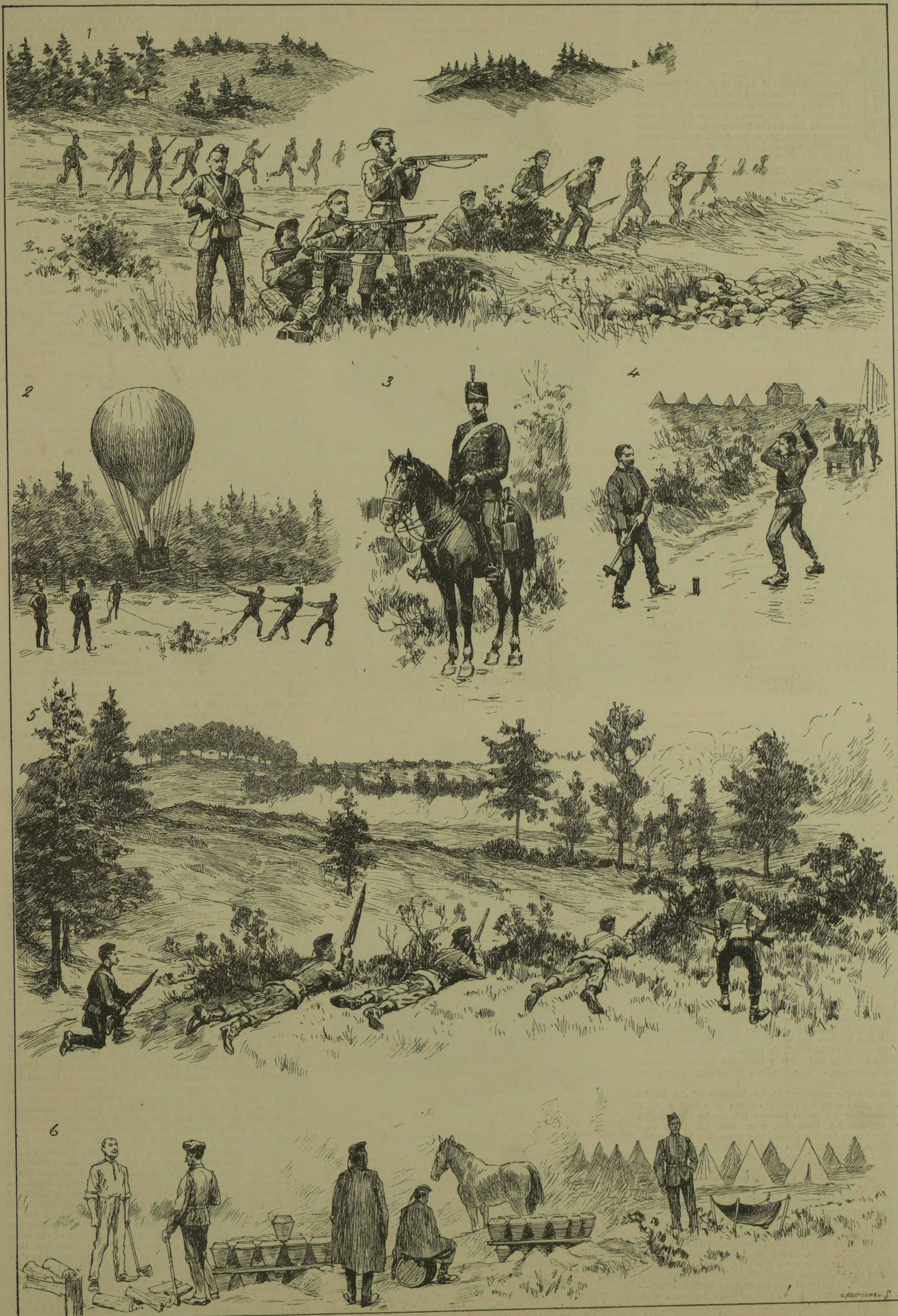
A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING FLEET ICE-BOUND.



DRYING STAGES, WITH COD-FISH, IN APRIL: ARRIVAL OF A NEW GOVERNOR.

SKETCHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.





1. The Royal Scots Fighting in Brimstone Wood. 2. The War Balloon, with Telephonic Communication. 3. Vedette on the Look-out for the Enemy. 4. Laying the Field Telegraph. 5. The Devonshire Regiment Skirmishing. 6. Field-Cookery on Broxhead Common.

MANŒUVRES OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS IN AND AROUND WOLMER FOREST, HAMPSHIRE.



## OBITUARY.

SIR PHILIP PAUNCEFORT-DUNCOMBE.

Sir Philip Pouncefort-Duncombe died at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park, on June 13. He was the only son of the late Mr. Philip Duncombe Pouncefort-Duncombe of Great Brickhill, Bucks, and Witham, Lincolnshire, by his first wife, Lady Alicia, daughter of the seventh Earl of Cavan, and was born in 1818. He married, in 1844, Sophia Caroline, daughter of the late Mr. C. T. P. Maunsell of Thorpe Manor, Northampton, by whom he leaves an only son, Henry Philip, who succeeds him in the baronetcy. The present Baronet was born in 1849, and married, in 1883, Flora, daughter of the late Sir Alexander Matheson.



SIR GEORGE BURNS, BART.

Sir George Burns, Bart., of Wemyss Bay, county Renfrew, J.P., whose death was recently recorded in this Paper, was one of the founders of the Cunard Steamship Company. This remarkable man devoted his energy and ability to mercantile pursuits from a far-distant period. In 1818, in partnership with his brother James, he commenced business as general merchant in Glasgow; and, in 1824, engaged in steam navigation between that city and Belfast, thus becoming one of the pioneers of steam navigation, and eventually a leading partner in the famous concern known as the Cunard Line. Sir George was youngest son of the Rev. John Burns, D.D., and grandson of

Mr. John Burn of Stirling, who added the letter s to his name. He was created a Baronet June 24, 1889. He married, June 10, 1822, Jane, daughter of Mr. James Cleland, LL.D., of Glasgow, and by her, who died July 1, 1877, leaves, with other issue, a son and heir, now Sir John Burns, second Baronet, of Castle Wemyss.

MR. WILLIAMS OF BRIDEHEAD.

Mr. Robert Williams, M.A., of Bridehead, Dorset, banker, of London and Dorchester, J.P. and D.L., died on June 7, 1890, in his eightieth year. He was only son of Mr. Robert Williams of Bridehead, banker in London, and grandson of Mr. Robert Williams, M.P. for Dorchester, whose father, Mr. Robert Williams of Charminster was a younger son of the old family of Williams of Herrington. The gentleman whose death we record graduated M.A. at Oriel College, Oxford, and became a banker in London and Dorchester, representing the latter town in Parliament from 1835 to 1841. In 1855 he served as High Sheriff for Dorset. He married, first, Sept. 7, 1847, Mary Anne, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow; and, secondly, Nov. 18, 1858, Lady Emily Maria Leslie-Melville, eldest daughter of the eighth Earl of Leven and Melville, and by the former (who died Sept. 1, 1855) leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Charles J. Eccles, J.P., of Shackleford House, Surrey, and Stentwood, Devon, on June 9.

The Rev. Edward Harland, Vicar of Colwich, and Prebendary of Lichfield, at Bishton Hall, on June 8, in his eighty-first year.

Martha Lady Power, wife of Sir William Tyrone Power, K.C.B., and only child of Mr. John Moorhead, J.P., of Annaghmakerrig, county Monaghan, on June 4.

Lieutenant-Colonel Luke Fitzgerald Bernard, A.P.D., late of the 13th Hussars, on June 4, at his residence, Elmstead, Surbiton, aged sixty-seven.

Mr. George Gollop of Strode Manor House, Dorset, late 2nd Queen's Regiment, the representative of an old county family, on May 31, in his sixty-fifth year.

Mr. George Croxton, barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple, elder son of General William Croxton, formerly of Wadenhoe House, Northamptonshire, on June 2, at his residence, Great Fish Hall, Kent.

The Rev. Charles Ranken Hall, M.A., lately Rector of Shirenewton, Chepstow, last surviving son of the late Mr. Benjamin Hall, M.P., of Hensol Castle, county Glamorgan, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Crawshaw of Cyfarthfa, and brother of Benjamin, late Lord Llanover.

Dr. Cornthwaite, Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds, on June 16, after a long illness, in his seventy-third year. Dr. Cornthwaite was consecrated Bishop of Beverley in 1861, and was transferred to Leeds in 1878, when the diocese of Beverley was divided into the bishoprics of Leeds and Middlesbrough.

Charlotte Dowager Baroness Saltoun, at her residence in St. George's-square. She was the second daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Browne Evans, J.P. and D.L., of Dene House, Oxon, and of Tuddenham, Norfolk, and her marriage with Alexander Fraser, Lord Saltoun of Abernethy (then Master of Saltoun), took place on April 25, 1849. She had a family of two sons and three daughters, her only surviving son being the present Lord Saltoun, who sits in the House of Lords as a Scottish representative peer.

On June 18 and succeeding days the Royal Military Tournament delighted thousands of spectators at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. There were jousts, combats, and games, and the modern art of war was illustrated in the arena by the cream of the British military forces, who competed for the honours and awards bestowed upon the victors in the various contests. The Duchess of Albany opened the exhibition.

June 18 was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The only surviving officers who took part in the engagement are: General George Whichcote, 52nd Light Infantry, of Meriden, Coventry, born Dec. 21, 1794, who received nine clasps for his Peninsular services; Lieutenant-Colonel William Hewett, 14th Foot, of Southampton, born July 2, 1795; and General the Earl of Albemarle, 14th Foot, born June 13, 1799. Of the Peninsular veterans surviving who were not at Waterloo there are only two—Lieutenant Frederick Bayly, Royal Artillery, of Bath, born July 14, 1791; and Major Gammell, Rifle Brigade, of Bath, born Jan 3, 1797.

In the private chapel at Knole, Sevenoaks, on June 17, was solemnised the marriage of the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, eldest daughter of Lord Sackville, with her cousin, Mr. Lionel Sackville-West, eldest son of Colonel the Hon. William Edward Sackville-West. The Hon. Christopher Walsh acted as best man; and the bridesmaids were the Hon. Amalia Sackville-West, sister of the bride, and Miss Cecilie Sackville-West, sister of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by her father.—On the same day the marriage of Miss Mary Anderson with Mr. Navarro, an American, took place in the small Catholic mission chapel of St. Mary, Holly-place, Hampstead. Only twenty or thirty persons in all were present in the chapel during the service. The bride was given away by her brother. There were no bridesmaids, but Miss Griffin, one of the bride's stepsisters, was the maid of honour.

## THE LATE DOWAGER LADY ELY.

The Dowager Marchioness of Ely, whose death, on June 11, is noticed in the "Court Circular" with a testimony of the Queen's personal regard and regret for the loss of her old and intimate friend, was the fourth daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Hope Vere, and niece of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale, and was born in 1821. In 1844 she married the third Marquis of



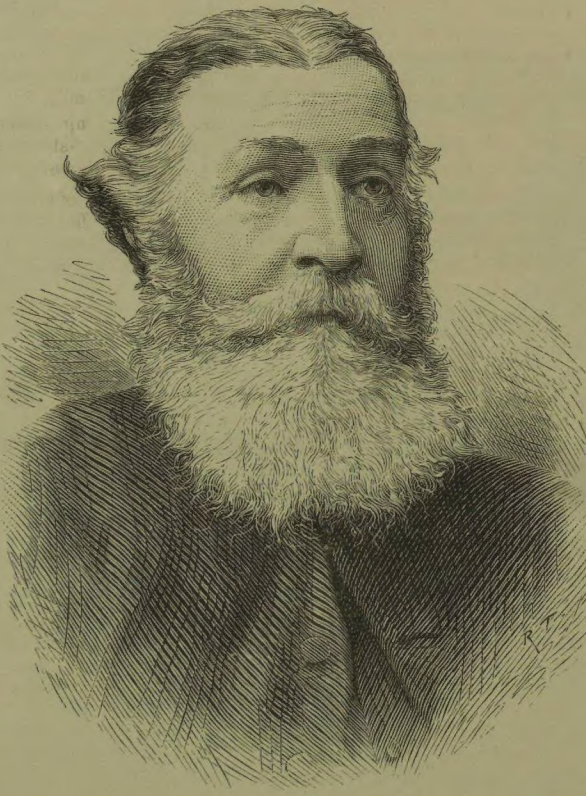
THE LATE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF ELY.

Ely, who died in 1857, by whom she had two children—a son, who became fourth Marquis of Ely, and died last year; and a daughter, Lady Marion Jane Buchanan. She was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber in 1851, and retained that appointment till last year, when she resigned in consequence of failing health. This lady enjoyed in the fullest degree her Majesty's confidence, and three years ago she went to India to transact business in which the Queen was specially interested. Since Lady Ely's retirement from Court the Queen has visited her in London. The funeral was on Monday, June 16, in the Kensal-green Cemetery.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street.

## THE LATE DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

The Very Rev. John Oakley, D.D., who died on June 10, was the eldest son of Mr. John Oakley of Eastnor, Herefordshire, and was born in 1834. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and was ordained by Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, in 1858. His first curacy was at St. Luke's, Berwick-street, and his second at St. James's, Piccadilly. In 1867 he was presented to the incumbency of St. Saviour's, Hoxton, and

THE LATE VERY REV. DR. OAKLEY,  
DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

remained there fifteen years. He was appointed Dean of Carlisle in 1882. On Dr. Cowie's appointment to the deanery of Exeter, Dr. Oakley succeeded him as Dean of Manchester in 1884. During his residence at Carlisle and Manchester he maintained the reputation he had gained in London as a clergyman of wide and popular sympathy. He was the author of "The Christian Aspect and Application of the Decalogue" (1865), "The Conscience Clause, its History," and of published sermons.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.

The Primate presided, on June 17, at the seventy-ninth annual meeting of the National Society for Promoting the Religious Education of the Poor, at the society's house, Sanctuary, Westminster, when there was a good attendance. The Earl of Harrowby, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Hereford, Sir R. Paget, Earl Beauchamp, and Mr. Talbot addressed the meeting.

## MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN HAMPSHIRE.

An interesting series of manœuvres with the troops of the First Army Corps stationed at Aldershot was performed, under the direction of Lord Wolseley, from Saturday, June 7, to Friday, the 13th, in the neighbourhood of Wolmer Forest, an extensive tract of wooded and heath-covered slopes lying between two branching lines of the South-Western Railway, which, parting company at Aldershot, run the one via Petersfield and the other through Winchester. For even so small a force as 7000 men that area is rather circumscribed, and it was necessary to take for granted the first movements in this little campaign, of which the general idea was that the enemy, having landed at Littlehampton, had seized Havant and were investing Portsmouth. To cover their operations, they had sent a column of troops northward, under Colonel Crease, C.B., to capture the important strategic position of Farnham. The military authorities had then sent out a force from Aldershot to delay the invaders' advance and gain information of the enemy's numbers and movements. For this purpose Major-General F. Walker, C.B., with a column of over 3000 men, embracing all arms, moved out of camp to the southward, met and repulsed a cavalry attack, and the opposing bodies of troops each went into camp late in the first day, the defenders at Borden and the enemy at Petersfield. By that time Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., with his staff, was on the ground, personally supervising the operations, his headquarters having been established at Dixon's House, Walldown.

The invading force then advanced to an encampment at Great Dean, near Liss, in Wolmer Forest, five or six miles from the headquarters of the defending force. They were encountered, on the Monday, on Weaver's Down, near Liss, by General Walker with only half his troops, who, being greatly outnumbered, had to give way after fighting two hours and a half; but next day, with the whole column, 3500 strong, accompanied by Lord Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood, the defending General again moved forward to Brimstone Wood, overlooking the enemy's camp, on the southern border of Wolmer Forest. Here a smart battle was fought on Tuesday, June 10, from eleven in the forenoon to one o'clock, the soldiers being under arms from half past seven in the morning, carrying their intrenching tools and full campaigning equipments, and moving over the roughest ground, with much underwood and furze, sandy knolls, ditches, and boggy bottoms. The 2nd Royal Scots and the Buffs, with detachments of the Liverpool, East Kent, and Devon Regiments, were the infantry of the defending force, with half a squadron of the 19th Hussars, two guns of the 34th Field Battery, half a score of cyclists, and two Nordenfolt machine guns. There were also detachments of the Royal Engineers, Army Service Corps, Medical Staff Corps, and Signallers, mules with reserve ammunition, hospital waggons, water-carts, and so on. The invading force comprised half a squadron of cavalry and four guns of the 23rd Field Battery, the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the Yorkshire Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade, all armed with the new magazine rifle.

Our Special Artist furnishes a few Sketches of some of the incidents of this little campaign. One is the sharp encounter, in Brimstone Wood, between the Royal Scots and the Royal Marines, who at the finish were aided by some of the Liverpool Regiment. The former also had some magazine rifles, only for part of them, while the others had Martini-Henry rifles. They were supported by Nordenfolt guns. A vedette of the 14th Hussars, with the attacking force, is shown keeping watch on the road in another Sketch. There was a detachment of military cyclists, scouting down the Liphook road. The defending army was accompanied by the field telegraph corps, who laid down the line of telegraph with much celerity. They carried bamboo poles about 12 ft. high, with insulators fixed at the top, in which the wire was placed. Two men going ahead, with sledge-hammers, drove an iron peg into the ground, to make holes for the poles to be stuck up in, at intervals of 150 yards, more or less, according to the nature of the ground. These were followed by two men with a hand-barrow carrying the wire mounted on a wheel, and it was unrolled as they went, and placed on the top of the poles. The war balloon, near Walldown House, on Broxhead Common, was another feature of the accessories of modern warfare. It was inflated with gas produced by sulphuric acid and zinc in iron cylinders brought by transport-waggons. The balloon—captive, of course—rose to the height of 300 ft.; the car would hold two or three persons, who had a telephone communicating with the headquarters on the ground below. The field kitchen of the Liverpool Regiment was also worthy of remark. Its furniture consisted of large black stew-pots, 18 in. high, to cook the beef and potatoes. The water was conveyed on a barrow drawn by mules; and mules were also used to draw the ammunition-carts. The defending force had a general field bakery, the ovens of plate-iron, packed round and over with turfs, through which the smoke escaped from the fires, which were of wood cut down for the purpose. All was done as it would be in actual campaigning.

St. Jude's Church, South Kensington, has the honour of having made the largest collection for the Hospital Sunday Fund. Its offertory of £1238 18s. 3d. not only heads the list of the present year, but is said to be the highest ever made to the fund in any of the metropolitan churches.

We have received another part (No. IX.) of the *Forest Flora of South Australia*, published by the Colonial Government at Adelaide, under the editorship of Mr. J. E. Brown, Conservator of Forests. The present part deals with a number of strikingly effective shrubs and trees which are indigenous to the colony, and must make the uncleared land very attractive to the ordinary traveller. The native hop (*Dodonaea viscosa*), the blunt-leaved Templetonia, and the Eucalyptus Lansdowneana have flowers of various shades of red, while scrub wattle (*Acacia notabilis*, so called from its having been found on Mount Remarkable) is at certain seasons thickly covered with brilliant yellow blossoms, while the leaves remain green all the year round. The most important, however, of the fruit-trees of South Australia, as well as the most widely distributed, is the red gum-tree (*Eucalyptus rostrata*), which often attains a height of over a hundred and twenty feet, and a girth of nearly thirty feet. The wood is invaluable in most building operations, and for railway sleepers, as it can resist for an indefinite period the white ant, that plague of the Australian colonist and housewife. We hear but little now of the once-boasted febrifugal effects of the Eucalyptus tribe, but they are now recognised as being of so thirsty a nature that they speedily draw up the moisture from the marshes, in which they thrive most luxuriantly. As, moreover, they are of rapid growth, and afford a pleasant shade while living, and most useful products when cut down, the cultivation of the gum-tree in Europe and on the malarious coasts of Africa and America is a matter for general satisfaction. We cannot close our notice of this handsome publication without once more congratulating Colonial artists and draughtsmen, as well as Colonial printers, upon the admirable way in which the plates are prepared and produced.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

President Carnot and Madame Carnot were spectators of the racing at Longchamps on June 15, and in the Presidential box were also the Russian and German Ambassadors, with other distinguished persons. The Grand Prix was won by Baron A. de Schickler's FitzRoya, FitzHampton being second, and Odd-fellow third.—Mr. Herkomer has been elected a correspondent of the Academy of Fine Arts, in the room of the late Mr. Herbert.

In the splendid grounds and Palace of Vista Alegre, formerly the residence of the Marques of Salamanca, on the outskirts of Madrid, Queen Christina on June 14 presided at the inauguration of the asylum for invalids and disabled men of the working classes.

At the sitting of the Cortes at Lisbon, on June 14, King Carlos being present, Prince Luis Philip, Duke of Braganza, was declared heir-presumptive to the throne of Portugal.

The Moorish Ambassadors were received in State by the King of Italy at Rome on June 15.

After a stay at Berlin of five days, during which every mark of honour was shown him by the Emperor, the Crown Prince of Italy left Potsdam on June 13 for Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where he had an opportunity of inspecting the Hussar Regiment of which he is *à la suite* before continuing his homeward journey. The 15th being the second anniversary of the Emperor Frederick's death, Divine service was held privately in the little church of Bornstedt, near Berlin. The Empress Frederick, with her daughters, the Emperor and Empress, and the whole Imperial family, were present, says the *Daily News* correspondent, and afterwards drove to the Friedenskirche, and remained for some time at the tomb, which was decorated with flowers and wreaths. In the afternoon a memorial service was held in the English church. The Empress Frederick and her three daughters, the Hereditary Princess of Meiningen, and Princesses

Victoria and Margaret were present, and the Royal pew was decorated for the occasion with garlands of evergreen intertwined with roses. The chaplain, the Rev. Frank Owen, preached the sermon.—Princess Victoria of Prussia, second sister of the Emperor, has become engaged to Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe. Prince Adolph was born in 1859, and his bride-elect in 1866.—By 16 votes to 12 the Military Committee of the Reichstag has approved the new Army Bill as a whole.

The ceremony of the renunciation by the Archduchess Marie Valerie of her rights as an Austrian Princess, on her approaching marriage with Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis, took place in the Privy Council Chamber at the Hofburg, Vienna, at noon on June 16, in presence of the Emperor, the Ministers, the Court dignitaries, and the Chamberlains. The ceremony of renunciation in the case of the Archduchess Margaret Clementine, daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria, took place on the 17th in the Vienna Hofburg, on exactly similar lines.—The Austrian Minister of War has informed the Budget Committee that he will next year have to propose an increase in the Army, involving an outlay of between eighty and a hundred million florins.

Having now finished his "cure," the King of Denmark left Wiesbaden on June 17 for Copenhagen.

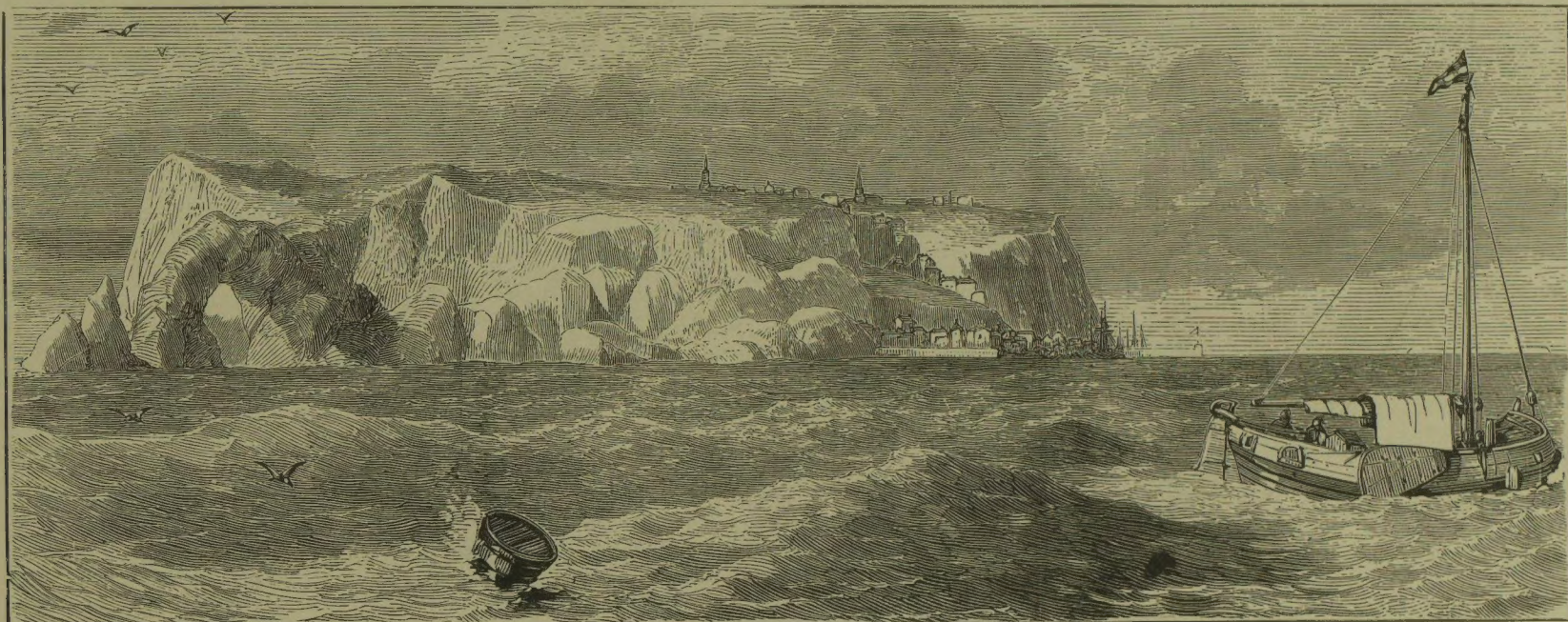
Sir William White, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, was on June 13 received in audience by the Sultan, who conversed with his Excellency with great affability. The audience took place in the Kiosk usually reserved for the reception of the princely guests of the Sultan. Sir William White was accompanied by Admiral Commerell.

The Newfoundland Parliament was prorogued on June 11 by the Governor, who in his speech made no allusion to the Fishery Question. Previous to the prorogation, Parliament passed the address to Queen Victoria with regard to the French shore. The memorial strongly urges the removal of the French claims as the only means of settling the question.

## HELIGOLAND.

The diminutive island in the German Ocean which it is proposed to cede to the German Empire, in consideration of great and valuable territorial concessions in East Africa, and of an undisputed British Protectorate of Zanzibar, consists of a piece of rock and a piece of sand, having a total area of three quarters of a square mile. It has never been treated by the British Government as a defensive position of any naval or military value, nor has any attempt or proposal been made to arm it as a fortress. It was captured by the British in 1807, and formally ceded to Great Britain under the treaty of Kiel in 1814. Heligoland was much larger at one time than it now is, Sandy Island having formed a part of it until 1720, when they were separated by a storm. It is on Sandy Island that the sea-bathing, which is considered to be the finest in the world, takes place. The reefs round the islands are very dangerous, and wrecks were at one time of frequent occurrence, but an excellent lighthouse with fog-signal station renders such disasters rare. A rocket station and life-saving apparatus have also been established, and are worked by the English and local coast-guard.

The main island consists of a red sandstone cliff, about 170 feet high, with, except in one part, inaccessible sides. The town is divided into two parts, the underland on the beach containing the bathing establishment, "Conversations" house, theatre, coastguards, barracks, and hotels. The Oberland, to which access is obtained by a flight of 192 steps, and by a lift worked by steam power, contains the largest number of houses, including a church, schools, Governor's residence, and lighthouse. The resident population, nearly all Germans, are occupied in fishing, which is carried on by a fleet of open boats, from March to June and from October to January. The fish caught consist principally of haddock, with a few cod, and sometimes turbot, also lobsters and oysters. Many German visitors come to Heligoland in the summer.



HELIGOLAND.

## CARDINAL MANNING'S JUBILEE GIFT.

The Most Rev. (Roman Catholic) Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Henry Edward Manning, who is nearly eighty-two years of age, and has been forty-nine years a priest of that Church, was presented, on June 8, with a personal testimonial to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration to the Archbishopric. The gift took the form of an album, beautifully illuminated, and a cheque for £7500; but Cardinal Manning has directed the money to be bestowed in founding a scholarship for the education of a priest in his diocese; in contributing to the repair and ornament of the ancient church of St. Gregory, on the Coelian Hill at Rome; in paying off the building debt of two schools and a mission-house in London; in providing a bed in the accident ward of the London Hospital; and the residue to be given to St. Edmund's College at Canterbury. Money amounting to £7000 has been appropriated to clear off the debt on the building of the Cathedral, and for its completion. The centre mount of the album, handsomely bound in red morocco, and lined with cream-coloured silk, is in the form of a cross, upon which are enamelled the armorial bearings and insignia of the Cardinal, set with four crystals. The first page is richly illuminated with allegorical and conventional designs; on each page are photographs of pictures by the Old Masters, appropriate to events in the life of his Eminence.

Among those who attended the presentation, at the Archbishop's residence, were the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord Brassey, Lord Emly, the Bishops of Portsmouth, Southwark, Clifton, and Nottingham, Sir James Whitehead, Monsignor Gilbert, Lady Petre, Lady Hawkins, Mr. Burdett Coutts, M.P., Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Colonel Prendergast, Mr. Charles Kent, and Mr. Sheriff Knill. In entering the room with Sir James Whitehead, his Eminence, who wore his biretta and the Cardinal's cloak, was greeted with a respectful welcome. The Duke of Norfolk, in making the presentation, read an address in which the various labours of his Eminence were set forth, particularly his efforts for the promotion of education among poor Catholics, and in connection with the temperance movement. The Bishop of Clifton, the Vicar-General, Monsignor Gilbert, Sir Francis Sandford, and the Marquis of Ripon spoke briefly expressing their sentiments of regard for Cardinal Manning, who delivered a suitable reply, observing that as this was the "silver jubilee" of his own appointment to the diocese of Westminster, ten years hence would be the "golden jubilee" of the restoration of the Catholic Episcopate in England. He gave the company his blessing, and they took their leave of the venerable prelate.

The anniversary festival dinner of the Printers' Pension Corporation was held on June 16 at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. John Evans presiding. The usual loyal toast having been duly honoured, the chairman proposed "Prosperity to the Printers' Pension Corporation." He said the charity had now been in existence for a period of nearly sixty years. It provided pensions for those of the printer's art who were unable to earn any longer their own living, and it gave to their orphans education and maintenance. He hoped to see this

latter branch largely extended, and he thought the society, in giving pensions to 190 members in proportion to their subscriptions, did a valuable work in the encouragement of thrift. The secretary then announced subscriptions to the amount of £532, and legacies were also announced of £2000 from Mr. J. C. Bloomfield and £1247 10s. from Mr. C. Holmes.

Mdlle. Victoria de Bunsen's annual morning concert is announced for June 26, at Portman Rooms, Baker-street, under the immediate patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

It has been notified by the National Rifle Association that the assistance of a large number of Volunteer officers will this year be required at Bisley to take charge of the ranges at the prize meeting, which opens on July 14.

Dr. Letts, Professor of Chemistry in King's College, Belfast, has received from the Royal Society the Keith prize of £50 and a medal for researches into the organic compounds of phosphorus.

Sir F. Paul Haines inspected the Corps of Commissionaires in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. In addressing the men, he said he feared the advantages enjoyed by the force were not so widely known as they ought to be, or more men would join their organisation.

Mr. Henry Doyle, director of the National Gallery of Ireland, has acquired a portrait by Rembrandt, dating from the year 1635-40. It represents a young man named Louis van Linden, and was the property of M. Dansaert, of Brussels, from whom it was purchased for £880.

Earl Stanhope, Lord Lieutenant of Kent, presided at the opening of a new drill hall for the use of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Queen's Own (Royal West Kent) Regiment. With the opening ceremony of the hall—which is built to seat over 2000 persons—were associated the annual prize distribution and concert.

The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs started for Edinburgh, on their State visit to that city, on June 19, by special train from King's Cross. The party included Alderman Sir F. Truscott, Mr. Alderman Evans, and Sir J. Monckton, the Town Clerk. The same train conveyed many leading members of the London Committee of the Edinburgh Exhibition.

Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, President, took the chair at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. The Patrons' Medal was presented to Dr. Felkin for Emin Pasha, and the Founders' Medal to Captain F. E. Younghusband. Scholarships and prizes were presented to students in training colleges, and afterwards the president read his address concluding the session. The address sketched the recent explorations and discoveries in Africa, Russia, and Thibet.

A large number of people assembled in Hyde Park on June 14 to witness the first field-day of the Guards which has been ordered during the present season, the command being taken by Colonel Stracey, the senior officer of the Guards' Regiments. The troops were supplied by the Grenadier and Scots Guards, who formed four battalions, the men turning out very smartly and carrying the magazine rifle. The manoeuvres were well executed in dull and rather cool weather, concluding with a march-past, for which the band of the Scots Guards was in attendance.

## MISS FAWCETT, NEWNHAM COLLEGE.

The advocates of the higher education of women—or, rather of their admission, equally with men, to the more arduous studies and intellectual exercises which are supposed to be part of education—have great cause to exult in the Class List of the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, which was published at the Senate House of that University on Saturday, June 7. Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett, of Newnham College, was placed by the Examiners above the Senior Wrangler of the year; implying that if she had been a member of the University, and so entitled to official recognition, it would have been their duty to pronounce her Senior Wrangler. At present the women students, who reside either at Girton or Newnham College, have, strictly speaking, no connection with the University of Cambridge, and it is only through the courtesy of the Senate that the Examiners are allowed to set them the same papers as the men, and to announce what places they would severally have occupied had they been entitled to take academical rank. In spite, however, of this grudging and inconsistent attitude on the part of the University authorities, the male portion of the Cambridge students, in the case of Miss Fawcett, seem proud of the success she has won, as is evident from the heartiness of the reception accorded to her in the Senate House. When her name was read out, prefaced by the words "above the Senior Wrangler," the enthusiasm of the Undergraduates was unbounded, showing that the jealousy with which men are sometimes declared to regard learning in a woman has no place at Cambridge. It will be remembered that, three years ago, another lady, Miss Agneta Ramsay, now wife of the Master of Trinity, Vice-Chancellor of the University, won the distinction of Senior Classic at this University.

Miss Fawcett is the only daughter of that estimable public man, the late Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., Postmaster-General, Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, and of his wife, who was Miss Millicent Garrett, sister to Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., and who has written valuable treatises on subjects of political and social science. The Portrait of Miss Fawcett is from a photograph by Mr. Owen, of Salisbury.

The Yorkshire College Extension Fund has reached £32,000 out of the sum of £40,000 that is required.

During May we imported 62,155 oxen and bulls, 50,317 being consigned via the Atlantic ports of the United States. Of sheep and lambs we received 10,621, Holland contributing 3332, and the United States (via Atlantic ports) 1040. The number of cows received was 4598, of calves 7382, and swine 34.

At an afternoon performance of the German Reed entertainment, on June 14, at St. George's Hall, Mr. Corney Grain submitted a new musical sketch of the season, entitled "The Society Peep-Show for 1890." It is full of satirical touches hitting off the peculiarities and vanities of members of the "upper ten" at home, in the *train de luxe*, at the gambling-table of Monte Carlo, and back home again, at the fashionable reception, the theatre, or the opera. The recitatives—full of fun and laughter—were linked together with many admirable songs or travesties on popular airs. Mr. Corney Grain was warmly applauded throughout.





MISS FAWCETT, OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE,  
"ABOVE THE SENIOR WRANGLER," IN MATHEMATICAL HONOURS, UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.



PRESENTATION OF THE JUBILEE PERSONAL TESTIMONIAL TO CARDINAL MANNING.





DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"Ghosts!" he murmured. "Spooks and ghosts!"—"Spectres!" replied the other. "Phantoms and bogies!"

## ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

### PART II.—CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE DESERT ISLAND.

THE train proceeded slowly along the head of Mount's-bay, the waters of the high tide washing up almost to the sleepers on the line. Armorel let down the window and looked out across the bay—

Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.

"See, Effie!" she cried. "There is Mount's-bay. There is the Lizard. There is Penzance. And there—oh! there is the Mount itself!"

St. Michael's Mount, always weird and mysterious, rose out of the waters wrapped in a thin white cloud, which the early sun had not yet been able to dissipate. I am told there is a very fine modern house upon the Mount. I prefer not to believe that story. The place should always remain lonely, awful, full of mystery and wonder. There is also said to be a battery with guns upon it. Perhaps. But there are much more wonderful things than these to tell of the rock. Upon its highest point those gallant miners—Captain Caractac and Captain Caerleon, both of Boadicea Wheal—were wont to stand gazing out upon the stretch of waters expecting the white sails and flashing oars of the Phœnician fleet, come to buy their white and precious tin, with strong wines from Syria and spices from the far East, and purple robes and bronze swords and spearheads, far better than those made by Flint Jack of the Ordnance Department. Hither came white-robed priests with flowing beards and solemn faces—faces supernaturally solemn, till they were alone upon the rock. Then, perhaps, an eyelid trembled. What they did I know not, nor did the people, but it was something truly awful, with majestic rites and ineffable mysteries and mumbo-jumbo of the very noblest. Here St. Michael himself once, in the ages of Faith, condescended to appear. It was to a hermit. Such appearances were the prizes of the profession. Many went a-hermiting in hopes of getting a personal call from a Saint who would otherwise have fought and lived and died quite like the rest of the world. And, indeed, there were so many Cornish Saints—such as St. Buryan, St. Levan, St. Ives, St. Just, St. Keverne, St. Anthony, not to speak of St. Erth, St. Gulval, St. Austell, St. Wenn—all kindly disposed saints, anxious to encourage hermits, and pleased to extend their own sphere of usefulness, that few of these holy men were disappointed.

In the bay the blue water danced lightly in the morning breeze: the low, level sunlight shone upon Penzance on the western side: the fishing-boats, back from the night's cruise, lay at their moorings, their brown sails lowered: the merchant-

men and trading craft were crowded in the port: beyond, the white curves chased each other across the water, and showed that, outside, the breeze was fresh and the water lively.

"We are almost at home," said Armorel. "There is our steamer lying off the quay—she looks very little, doesn't she? Only a short voyage of forty miles—oh! Effie, I do hope you are a good sailor—and we shall be at Hugh Town."

"Are we really arrived? I believe I have slept the whole night through," said Effie, sitting up and pulling herself straight. "Oh! how lovely!"—as she too looked out of window. "Have you slept well, Armorel?"

"I don't think I have been asleep much. But I am quite happy, Effie, dear—quite as happy as if I had been sound asleep all night. There are dreams, you know, which come to people in the night when they are awake as well as when they are asleep. I have been dreaming all night long—one dream which lasted all the night—one voice in my ears—one hand in mine. Oh! Effie, I have been quite happy!" She showed her happiness by kissing her companion. "I am happier than I ever thought to be. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to tell you why."

And then the train rolled in to Penzance Station.

It was only half past seven in the morning. The steamer would not start till half past ten. The girls sent their luggage on board, and then went to one of the hotels which stand all in a row facing the Esplanade. Here they repaired the ravages of the night, which makes even a beautiful girl like Armorel show like Beauty neglected, and then they took breakfast, and, in due time, went on board.

Now behold! They had left in London a pitiless nor-easter and a black sky. They found at Penzance a clear blue overhead, light and sunshine, and a glorious north-westerly breeze. That is not, certainly, the quarter whose winds allay the angry waves and soothe the heaving surge. Not at all. It is when the wind is from the north-west that the waves rise highest and heaviest. Then the boat bound to Scilly tosses and rolls like a round cork, yet persistently forces her way westward, diving, plunging, climbing, slipping, sliding, and rolling, shipping great seas and shaking them off again, always getting ahead somehow. Then those who come forth at the start with elastic step and lofty looks lie low and wish that some friend would prod Father Time with a bradawl and make him run: and those who enjoy the sea, Sir, and are never sick, are fain to put down the pipe with which they proudly started and sink into nothingness. For taking the conceit out of a young man there is nothing better than the voyage from Penzance to Scilly, especially if it be a tripper's voyage—that is, back again the same day.

There is, on the Scilly boat, a cabin, or rather a roofed and walled apartment, within which is the companion to the saloon. Nobody ever goes into the saloon, though it is magnificent with red velvet, but round this roofed space there is a divan or sofa. And here lie the weak and fearful, and all those who give in and oppose no further resistance to the soft influences of ocean. Effie lay here, white of cheek and motionless. She had never been on the sea before, and she had a rough and tumbling day to begin with, and the sea in glory and grandeur—but all was lost and thrown away so far as she was concerned. Armorel stood outside, holding to the ropes with both hands. She was dressed in a waterproof: the spray flew over her: her cheek was wet with it: her eyes were bright with it: the heavy seas dashed over her: she laughed and shook her waterproof: as for wet boots, what Scillonian regardeth them? And the wind—how it blew through and through her! How friendly was its rough welcome! How splendid to be once more on rough water, the boat fighting against a head wind and rolling waves! How glorious to look out once more upon the wild ungoverned waves!

It was not until the boat had rounded the Point and was well out in the open that these things became really enjoyable. Away south stood the Wolf with its tall lighthouse: you could see the white waves boiling and fighting around it and climbing halfway up. Beyond the Wolf a great ocean steamer plunged through the water outward bound. Presently there came flying past them the most beautiful thing ever invented by the wit of man or made by his craft, a three-masted schooner under full sail—all sails spread—not forging slowly along under poverty-stricken stays which proclaim an insufficient crew, but flying over the water under all her canvas. She was a French boat, of Havre.

"There is Scilly, Miss," said the steward, pointing out to sea.

Yes; low down the land lay, west by north. It looked like a cloud at first. Every moment it grew clearer; but always low down. What one sees at first are the eastern shores of St. Agnes and Gugh, St. Mary's, and the Eastern Islands. They are all massed together, so that the eye cannot distinguish one from the other, but all seem to form continuous land. By degrees they separated. Then one could discover the South Channel and the North Channel. When the tide is high and the weather fair the boat takes the former: at low tide, the latter. To-day the captain chose the South Channel. And now they were so near the land that Armorel could make out Porthellick Bay, and her heart beat, though she was going home to no kith or kin, and to nothing but her familia, her serving folk. Next she made out Giants' Castle, then the Old



Town, then Peninnis Head, black and threatening. And now they were so near that every curn and every boulder upon it could be made out clearly: and one could see the water rising and falling at the foot of the rock, and hear it roaring as it was driven into the dark caves and the narrow places where the rocks opened out and made make-believe of a port or haven of refuge. And now Porthcressa Bay, and now the Garrison, and smooth water.

Then Armorel brought out Effie, pale and languid. "Now, dear, the voyage is over: we are in smooth water, and shall be in port in ten minutes. Look round—it is all over: we are in the Road. And over there—see!—with his twin hills—is my dear old Samson."

There was a little crowd on the quay waiting to see the boat arrive. All of them—boatmen, fishermen, and flower-farmers' men, to say nothing of those representing the interests of commerce—pressed forward to welcome Armorel. Everybody remembered her, but now she was a grand young lady who had left them a simple child. They shook hands with her and stepped aside. And then Peter came forward, looking no older but certainly no younger, and Armorel shook hands with him too. He had the boat alongside, and in five minutes more the luggage was on board, the mast was up, the sail set, and Armorel was sitting in her old place, the strings in her hand, while Peter held the rope and looked out ahead, shading his eyes with his right hand in the old familiar style.

"It is as if I never left home at all," said Armorel. "I sailed like this with Peter yesterday—and the day before."

"You've grown," said Peter, after an inquiring gaze, being for the moment satisfied that there was nothing ahead and that there was no immediate danger of shipwreck on the Nut Rock or Green Island.

"I am five years older," Armorel replied.

"It's been a rare harvest this year," he went on. "I thought we should never come to the end of the daffodils."

"Now I am at home indeed," said Armorel, "when I hear the old, old talk about the flowers. To-morrow, Effie, I will show you our little fields where we grow all the lovely flowers—the anemone and jonquil—the narcissus and the daffodil. This afternoon, when we have had dinner and rested a little, I will take you all round Samson and show you the glories of the place: they are principally views of other islands: but there is a headland and two bays, and there are the Tombs of the Kings—the Ancient Kings of Lyonesse—in one of them Roland Lee"—she blushed and turned away her head—henceforth, she understood, this was a name to be treated with more reverence—"found a golden torque, which you have seen me wear. And oh! my dear—you shall be so happy: the seabreeze shall fill your soul with music: the seabirds shall sing to you: the very waves shall lap on the shore in rhyme and rhythm for you: and the sun of Scilly, which is so warm and glowing, but never too warm, shall colour that pale cheek of yours, and fill out that spare form. And oh, Effie! I hope you will not get tired of Samson and of me! We are two maidens living on a desert island: there is nobody to talk to except each other: we shall wander about together as we list. Oh, I am so happy, Effie!—and oh, my dear, I am so hungry!"

The boat ran up over the white sand of the beach. They jumped out, and Armorel, leaving Peter to bring along the trunks by the assistance of the donkey, led the way over the southern hill to Holy Farm.

"Effie," she said, "I have been tormented this morning with the fear that everything would look small. I was afraid that my old memories—a child's memories—would seem distorted and exaggerated. Now I am not in the least afraid. Samson has got his eighty acres still: he looks quite as big and quite as homely as ever he did—the boulders are as huge, the rocks are as steep. I remember every boulder, Effie, and every bush, and every patch of brown fern, and almost every trailing branch of bramble. How glorious it is here! How the seabreeze sweeps across the hill—it comes all the way from America—across the Atlantic! Effie, I declare you are looking rosier already. I must sing—I must, indeed—I always used to sing!"—She threw up her arms in the old gesture, and sang a loud and clear and joyous burst of song—sang like the lark springing from the ground, because it cannot choose but sing. "I used to jump, too; but I do not want, somehow, to jump any more. Ah, Effie, I was quite certain there would be some falling-off, but I could not tell in what direction. I can no longer jump. That comes of getting old. To be sure, I did not jump when I took Roland Lee about the islands. I sang, but I was ashamed to jump. Here we are upon the top. It is not a mighty Alp, is it?—but it serves. Look round—but only for a moment, because Chessum will have dinner waiting for us, and you are exhausted. This is our way, down the narrow lanes. Here our fields begin: they are each about as big as a dinner-table. See the tall hedges to keep off the north wind: there is a field of narcissus, but there are no more flowers, and the leaves are dying away. This way! Ah! Here we are!"

The house did not look in the least mean, or any smaller than Armorel expected. She became even prouder of it. Where else could one find a row of palms, with great verberna-trees and prickly pear and aloes, not to speak of the creepers over the porch, the gilt figure-head, and the big ship's lantern hung in the porch? Within, the sunlight poured into the low rooms—all of them looking south—and made them bright: in the room where formerly the ancient lady passed her time in the hooded chair—the lady passed away and the chair gone—the cloth was spread for dinner. And in the porch were gathered the serving-folk—Justinian not a day older, Dorcas unchanged, and Chessum thin and worn, almost as old, to look at, as her mother. And as soon as the greetings were over, and the questions asked and answered, and the news told of the harvest and the prices, and the girls had run all over the house, Chessum brought in the dinner.

It is a blessed thing that we must eat, because upon this necessity we have woven so many pretty customs. We eat a welcome home: we eat a godspeed: we eat together because we love each other: we eat to celebrate anything and everything. Above all, upon such an event as the return of one who has long been parted from us we make a little banquet. Thought and pains had been bestowed upon the dinner which Chessum placed upon the table. Dorcas stood by the table, watching the effect of her cares. First there was a chicken roasted, with bread crumbs—a bird blessed with a delicacy of flavour and a tenderness of flesh and a willingness to separate at the joints unknown beyond the shores of Scilly: Dorcas said so, and the girls believed it—Effie, at least, willing to believe that nothing in the world was so good as in this happy realm of Queen Armorel. Dorcas also invited special attention to the home-cured ham, which was, she justly remarked, mild as a peach: the potatoes, served in their skins, were miracles of meanness—had Armorel met with such potatoes out of Samson? had the young lady, her visitor, ever seen or dreamed of such potatoes? There was spinach grown on the farm, freshly cut, redolent of the earth, fragrant with the seabreeze. And there was home-made bread, sweet, wholesome, and firm. There was also placed upon the table a Brown George, filled with home-brewed, furnished with a head snow-white, venerable, and benevolent, such a head as not all the breweries of Burton—or

even of the whole House of Lords combined—could furnish. Alas! that head smiled in vain upon this degenerate pair. They would not drink the nut-brown, sparkling beer. It was not wasted, however. Peter had it when he brought the pack-ass to the porch laden with the last trunk. Nor did they so much as remove the stopper from the decanter containing a bottle of the famous blackberry wine, the primest *crû* of Samson, opened expressly for this dinner. Yet this was not wasted either, for Justinian, who knew a glass of good wine, took it with three successive suppers. Is it beneath the dignity of history to mention pudding? Consider: pudding is festive: pudding contributes largely to the happiness of youth. Armorel and Effie tackled the pudding as only the young and hungry can. And this day, perhaps from the promptings of simple piety, being rejoiced that Armorel was back again; perhaps from some undeveloped touch of poetry in her nature, Chessum placed upon the table that delicacy seldom seen at the tables of the unfortunate Great—who really get so few of the good things—known as Grateful Pudding. You know the ingredients of this delightful dish? More. To mark the day, Chessum actually made it with cream instead of milk!

"To-morrow," said Armorel, fired with emulation, "I will show you, Effie, what I can do in the way of puddings and cakes. I always used to make them: and, unless my lightness of hand has left me, I think you will admire my teacakes, if not my puddings. Roland Lee praised them both. But, to be sure, he was so easily pleased. He liked everything on the island. He even liked—oh! Effie!—he liked me."

"That was truly wonderful, Armorel."

"Now, Effie dear, lie down in this chair beside the window. You can look straight out to sea—that is Bishop's Rock, with its lighthouse. Lie down and rest, and I will talk to you about Scilly and Samson and my own people. Or I will play to you if you like. I am glad the new piano has arrived safely."

"I like to look round this beautiful old room. How strange it is! I have never seen such a room—with things so odd."

"They are all things from foreign lands, and things cast up by the sea. If you like odd things I will show you, presently, my punch-bowls and the snuff-boxes and watches and things. I did not give all of them to the care of Mr. Jagenal five years ago."

"It is wonderful: it is lovely: as if one could ever tire of such a place!"

"Lie down, dear, and rest. You have had such a tossing about that you must rest after it, or you may be ill. It promises to be a fine and clear evening. If it is we will go out by-and-by and see the sun set behind the Western Rocks."

"We are on a desert island," Effie murmured obediently, lying down and closing her eyes. "Nobody here but ourselves: we can do exactly what we please: think of it, Armorel! Nobody wants any money, here: nobody jostles his neighbour: nobody tramples upon his friend. It is like a dream of the primitive life."

"With improvements, dear Effie. My ancestors used to lead the primitive life when Samson was a holy island and the cemetery of the Kings of Lyonesse: they went about barefooted and they were dressed in skins: they fought the wolves and bears, and if they did not kill the creatures, why, the creatures killed them: they were always fighting the nearest tribe. And they sucked the marrow-bones, Effie, think of that! Oh! we have made a wonderful advance in the civilisation of Samson Island."

## PART II.—CHAPTER XXVIII.

### AT HOME.

"I am so very pleased to see you here, Mr. Stephenson." Mrs. Feilding welcomed him with her sweetest and most gracious smile. "To attract our few really sincere critics—there are so many incompetent pretenders—as well as the leaders in all the Arts is my great ambition. And now you have come."

"You are very kind," said Dick, blushing. I dare say he is a really great critic at the hours when he is not a most superior clerk in the Admiralty. At the same time, one is not often told the whole, the naked, the gratifying truth.

"To have a salon, that is my desire: to fill it with men of light and leading. Now you have broken the ice, you will come often, will you not? Every Sunday evening, at least. My husband will be most pleased to find you here."

"Again, you are very kind."

"We saw you yesterday afternoon at that poor boy's *matinée*, did we not? The crush was too great for us to exchange a word with you. What do you think of the piece?"

"I always liked it. I was present, you know, at the reading that night."

"Oh yes; the reading—Armorel Rosevean's Reading. Yes. Though that hardly gave one an idea of the play."

"The piece went very well indeed. I should think it will catch on; but of course the public are very capricious. One never knows whether they will take to a thing or not. To my mind there is every prospect of success. In any case, young Wilmot has shown that he possesses poetical and dramatic powers of a very high order indeed. He seems the most promising of the men before us at present. That is, if he keeps up to the standard of this first effort."

"Ye-es? Of course we must discount some of the promise. You have heard, for instance, that my husband lent his advice and assistance?"

"He said so, after the reading, did he not?"

"Nobody knows, Mr. Stephenson," she clasped her hands and turned her limpid eyes upon the young man, "how many successes my husband has helped to make by his timely assistance! What he did to this particular play I do not know, of course. During the reading and during yesterday's performance, I seemed to hear his voice through all the acts. It haunted me. But Alec said nothing. He sat in silence, smiling, as if he had never heard the words before. Oh! It is wonderful! And now—not a word of recognition! You help people to climb up, and then they pretend—they pretend—to have got up by their own exertions! Not that Alec expects gratitude or troubles himself much about these things, but, naturally, I feel hurt. And oh! Mr. Stephenson, what must be the conscience of the man—how can he bear to live—who goes about the world pretending—pretending," she shook her head sadly, "pretending to have written other men's works!"

"Men will do anything, I suppose. This kind of assistance ought, however, to be recognised. I will make some allusion to it in my notice of the play. Meantime, if I can read the future at all, Master Archie Wilmot's fortune is made, and he will."

"Mr. Roland Lee showed his picture that night. He had just come out of a madhouse, had he not?"

"Not quite that. He failed, and dropped out. But what he did with himself or how he lived for three years I do not exactly know. He has returned, and never alludes to that time."

"And he imitates my husband."

"No, no—not exactly. The resemblance is close, only an

experienced critic"—Oh! Dick Stephenson!—"could discern the real differences of treatment." Mrs. Feilding smiled. "But I knew him before he disappeared, and I assure you his method was then the same as it is now. Very much like your husband's style, yet with a difference."

"I am glad there is a difference. You know, I suppose, that Armorel has gone away?"

"I have heard so."

"It became possible for us at last to acknowledge things. So I joined my husband. Armorel went home—to her own home in the Scilly Islands. She took Effie Wilmot with her. Indeed, the girl's flatteries have become necessary to her. I fear she was unhappy, poor child! I sometimes think, Mr. Stephenson, that she saw too much of Alec. Of course he was a good deal with us, and I could not tell him the whole truth, and—and—girls' heads are easily turned, you know, when genius seems to be attracted. Poor Armorel!" she sighed, playing with her fan. "Time, I dare say, will help her to forget."

"It is a pity," said Dick Stephenson, changing the subject, because he did not quite believe this version—"it is a pity that Mr. Feilding, who can give such admirable advice to a young dramatist, does not write a play himself."

"Hush!" she looked all round, "nobody is listening. Alec has written a play, Mr. Stephenson. It is a three-act drama—a tragedy—strong—oh! so strong—so strong!" She clasped her hands again, letting the fan dangle from her wrist. "So effective! I don't know when I have seen a play with more striking situations. It is accepted. But not a word has yet been said about it."

"May I say something about it? Will you let me be the first to announce it, and to give some little account of it?"

"I will ask Alec. If he consents, I will tell you more about the play. And, my dear Mr. Stephenson, you, one of our old friends, really ought to do some work for the paper."

"I have not been asked," he replied, colouring, for he was still at that stage when the dramatic critic is flattered by being invited to write for a paper.

"You shall be. How do you like the paper?"

"It has so completely changed its character, one would think that the whole staff had been changed. Everybody reads it now, and everybody takes it, I believe."

"The circulation has gone up by leaps and bounds. It is really wonderful. But, Mr. Stephenson, here is one of the reasons. Give me a little credit—poor me! I cannot write, but I can look on, and I have a pair of eyes, and I can see things. Now, I saw that Alec was killing himself with writing. Every week a story; also, every week, a poem; every week an original article: and then those notes. I made him stop. I said to him, 'Stamp your own individuality on every line of the paper; but write it yourself no longer. Edit it.' You see, it is not as if Alec had to prove his powers: he has proved them already. So he can afford to let others do the hard work, while he adds the magic touch—the touch of genius—that touch that goes to the heart. And the result you see."

"Yes; the brightest—cleverest—most varied paper that exists."

"With a large staff. Formerly Alec and one or two others formed the whole staff. Well, Mr. Stephenson, I know that Alec is going to ask you to do some of the dramatic criticism, and if you consent I shall be very pleased to have been the first to mention it."

It will be understood from this conversation that the new methods of managing the business of the Firm were essentially different from the old. The paper had taken a new departure: it prospered. It was understood that the editor put less of his own work into it; but the articles, verses, and stories were all unsigned, and no one could tell exactly which were his papers: therefore, as all were clever, his reputation remained on the same level. Also, there was a thick and solid mass of advertisements each week, which represented public confidence widespread and deep. "Give me," cries the proprietor of a paper, "the confidence of advertisers. That is proof enough of popularity."

Mrs. Feilding moved to another part of the room, and began to talk with another man.

"My husband," she said, "has prepared a little surprise for us this evening. I say for us, because I have not seen what he has to show—since it came back from the framemaker."

"It is a picture, then?"

"A picture in a new style. He has abandoned for a time his coast and seashore studies. This is in quite a new style. I think—I hope—that it will be liked as well as his old."

"He is indeed a wonderful man!"

"Is he not?" She laughed—a low and musical—a contented and a happy laugh. "Is he not? You never know what Alec may be going to do next."

Mrs. Feilding's Sundays have already become a great success: such a success as a woman of the world may desire, and a clever woman can achieve. There is once more, as she says proudly, a *salon* in London. If it does not quite take the lead that she pretends in Art and Letters, it is always full. Men who go there once, go again: they find the kind of entertainment that they like: plenty of people for talk, to begin with. Then, every man is made, by the hostess, to feel that his own position in the literary and artistic world is above even his own estimate: that is soothing: in fact, the note of the *salon* is appreciation—not mutual admiration, as the envious do enviously affirm. Moreover, everybody in the *salon* has done something—perhaps not much, but something. And then the place is one where the talk is delightfully free, almost as free as in a club smoking-room. Every evening, again, there is some kind of entertainment, but not too much, because the *salon* has to keep up its reputation for conversation, and music destroys conversation. "Let us," said Mrs. Feilding, "revive the dead art of conversation. Let the men in this room make their reputation as they did a hundred years ago, for brilliant talk." I have not heard that Mrs. Feilding has yet developed a talker like the mighty men of old: perhaps one will come along later: those, however, who have looked into the subject with an ambition in that line, and have ascertained the nature of the epigrams, repartees, retorts, quips, jokes, and personal observations attributed to Messrs. Douglas Jerrold and his brilliant circle, are doubtful of reviving that Art except in a modified and a greatly chastened, even an effeminate, form.

The entertainments provided by Mrs. Feilding consisted of a little music or a little singing—always by a young and little-known professional: there was generally something in the fashion—young lady with a banjo or a tum-tum, or anything which was popular: young gentleman to whistle: young actor or actress to give a character sketch: sometimes a picture sent in for private exhibition: sometimes a little poem printed for the evening and handed about—one never knew what would be done.

But always the hostess would be gracious, winning, caressing, smiling, and talking incessantly: always she would be gliding about the room, making her friends talk: the happy wife of the most accomplished and most versatile man in



London. And always that illustrious genius himself, calm and grave, taking Art seriously, laying down with authority the opinion that should be held to a circle who surrounded him. The circle consisted chiefly of women and of young men. Older men, with that reluctance to listen to the voice of Authority which distinguishes many after thirty, held aloof and talked with each other. "Alec Feilding," said one of them, expressing the general opinion, "may be a mighty clever fellow, but he talks like a dull book. You've heard it all before. And you've heard it better put. It's wonderful that such a clever dog should be such a dull dog."

They came, however, in spite of the dullness: the wife would have carried off a hundred dull dogs.

As in certain earlier and better-known circles, the men greatly outnumbered the women. "I am not in love with my own sex," said Mrs. Feilding, quite openly. "I prefer the society of men." But some women came of their own accord, and some were brought by their fathers, husbands, lovers, and brothers. No one could say that ladies kept away from Mrs. Feilding's Sunday evenings.

This evening, the principal thing was the uncovering of a new picture—Mr. Feilding's new picture.

At ten o'clock the painter-poet, in obedience to a whisper from his wife, moved slowly, followed by his ring of disciples—male and female—all young—a callow brood—to the upper end of the room, where was an easel. A picture stood upon it, but a large green cloth was thrown over it.

"I thought," said Mr. Alec Feilding, in his most dignified manner, "that you would like to see this picture before anyone else. It is one of the little privileges of our Sunday evenings to show things to each other. Some of you may remember," he said, with the true humility of genius, "that I have exhibited, hitherto, chiefly pictures of coast scenery. I have always been of opinion that a man should not confine himself to one class of subjects. His purchasing public may demand it, but the true artist should disregard all and any considerations connected with money."

"Your true artist hasn't always got a weekly journal to fall back upon," growled a young A.R.A. who did stick to one class of subjects. He had been brought there. As a rule, artists are not found at Mrs. Feilding's, nor do they rally round the cleverest man in London.

"I say," repeated the really great man, "that the wishes of buyers must not be weighed for an instant in comparison with the true interests of Art."

"Like a copy-book," murmured the Associate.

"Therefore, I have attempted a new line altogether. I have made new studies. They have cost a great deal of time and trouble and anxious thought. It is quite a new departure. I anticipate, beforehand, what you will say at first. But—Eccolo!"

He lifted the green cloth. At the same moment his wife turned up a light that stood beside the painting. He disclosed a really very beautiful painting: a group of trees beside a shallow pool of water: the trees were leafless: a little snow lay at their roots: the pool was frozen over: there was a little mist over the ground, and between the trunks one saw the setting sun.

"By Jove! It's a Belgian picture!" cried the Associate. And, indeed, you may see hundreds of pictures exactly in this style in the Brussels galleries, where the artists are never tired of painting the flat country and the trees, at every season and under every light.

"Precisely," said the painter. "That is the remark which I anticipated. Let us call it—if you like—a Belgian picture. The subject is English: the treatment, perhaps, Belgian. For my part, I am not too proud to learn something from the Belgians."

The Associate touched the man nearest him—an artist, not yet an Associate—by the arm.

"Ghosts!" he murmured. "Spooks and ghosts!"

"Spectres!" replied the other. "Phantoms and bogies!"

"A Haunted Studio!" said the Associate. "My knees totter! My hair stands on end!"

"I tremble—I have goose-flesh!" replied his friend.

"Let us—let us run to the Society of Psychical Research!" whispered the Associate.

"Let us swiftly run!" said the other.

They fled, swiftly and softly. Only Mrs. Feilding observed their flight. She also gathered from their looks the subject of their talk. And she resolved that she would not, henceforth, encourage artists at her Sunday evenings. She turned to Dick Stephenson.

"You, Mr. Stephenson," she said, "who are a true critic and understand work, tell me what you think of the picture."

The great critic—he was not really a humbug; he was very fond of looking at pictures; only, you see, he was not an artist—advanced to the front, bent forward, considered a few moments, and then spoke.

"A dexterous piece of work—truly dexterous in the highest sense: full of observation intelligently and poetically rendered: careful: truthful: with intense feeling. I could hardly have believed that any English painter was capable of work in this genre."

The people all gazed upon the canvas with rapt admiration: they murmured that it was wonderful and beautiful. Then Alec covered up the picture, and somebody began to play something.

"Alec," said Mr. Jagenal, who seldom came to these gatherings, "I congratulate you. Your picture is very good. And in a new style. When will you be content to settle down in the jog-trot that the British public love?"

"Let me change my subject sometimes. When I am tired of trees I will go back, perhaps, to the coast and seapieces." "Ah! But take care. There's a fellow coming along—"

By the way, Alec, I have made a discovery lately."

"What is it?"

"About those rubies. Why, man"—for Alec turned suddenly pale—"you remember that business still?"

"Indeed I do," he replied. "And I am not likely to forget it in a hurry."

"My dear boy, to paint such pictures is worth many such bags of precious stones, if you will only think so."

"What's your discovery?" Alec asked hoarsely.

"Well; I have found, quite accidentally, the eldest grandchild of the second daughter—your great-aunt."

"Oh!" Again he changed colour. "Then you will, I suppose, hand him over the things?"

"Yes, certainly. I have sent for him. He does not yet know what I want him for. And I shall give him the jewels in obedience to Armorer's instructions. Alec, I have always been desperately sorry for your unfortunate discovery."

"It caused a pang, certainly. And who is my cousin?"

"Well, Alec, I will not tell you until I have made quite sure. Not that there is any doubt. But I had better not. You will perhaps like to make his acquaintance. Perhaps you know him already. I don't say, mind."

"Well, Sir," said Alec, "when he realises the extent and value of this windfall, I expect he will show a depth of gratitude which will astonish you. I do, indeed."

"Zoe," he said, when everybody was gone, "are you quite

sure that in the matter of those rubies your action can never be discovered?"

"Anything may be discovered. But I think—I believe—that it will be difficult. Why?"

"Because my cousin, the grandson of Robert Fletcher's second daughter, has been found, and he will receive the jewels to-morrow. And when he finds out what they are worth!"

"Then, Alec, it will be asked who had the jewels. They were taken to the bank by Mr. Jagenal and taken from thence to Mr. Jagenal. What have you—what have I—to do with them? Don't think about it, Alec. It has nothing to do with us. No suspicion can possibly attach to us. Forget the whole business. The ceremony went off very well. The picture struck them very much. And I've laid the foundation for curiosity about the play. And as for the paper, I was going into accounts this morning: it is paying at the rate of three thousand a year. Alec, you have never until now been really and truly the cleverest man in London."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Mr. Besant's Tale will be brought to a close in our Number for June 28, and will be followed in the Issue for July 5 (beginning a New Volume) by the first instalment of THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN, retold by Edwin Lester Arnold, with an Introduction by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

## THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

On Tuesday, June 17, an eclipse of the sun took place, which was visible as a partial eclipse over the whole of Europe, Asia (excepting a small portion of North-Eastern Siberia), and Northern and Central Africa, not, however, including the district of the great equatorial lakes which have recently, through Stanley's discoveries, absorbed so much attention. At no place, however, was the eclipse total, for the simple reason that the moon, being at the time little more than four days from apogee, the point in her orbit when she is farthest from the earth, her apparent disc was not large enough to cover that of the sun even at places where the one passed centrally over the other, so that when this occurred a ring of sunlight still remained round the dark body of the moon. An eclipse of this kind is, therefore, called annular. The approaching eclipse was annular along a strip of the earth's surface, passing from the coast of Senegambia near Sierra Leone to Tripoli, crossing the Mediterranean into Asia Minor, skirting the south side of the Caspian Sea, and then through Afghanistan, North-Western India, and Bengal into Burmah. In Southern Europe a large partial eclipse was seen, but in no part of England did the proportion of the sun's disc obscured by the moon exceed the third part of the whole, while in Scotland it was smaller than in England. At Greenwich the eclipse began at twenty minutes past eight o'clock in the morning, and ended at half past ten, the greatest obscuration taking place at twenty-three minutes past nine.

## MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Duc d'Angelo Gavotti-Verospi, eldest son of the Marquis Gavotti-Verospi, Master of the Ceremonies to the King of Italy, to Miss Muriel Talbot, youngest daughter of the late Captain Charles Talbot of Aston Hall, Cheshire, was celebrated on June 11 at the Oratory by Monsignor the Hon. Gilbert Talbot, great-uncle to the bride, Sir Duncan Campbell acting as best man.

The marriage of Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., with Miss Raffalovich took place at the Roman Catholic church of St. Charles Borromeo, Ogle-street, Portland-place, on the 11th. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. Arthur Raffalovich, who, in the absence of her father through illness, gave her away. There were three bridesmaids (children) in attendance. Mr. O'Brien was attended by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., as best man. The Archbishop of Cashel officiated, and was celebrant at the nuptial mass which followed.

The marriage of Viscount Marsham, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Romney, with Anne Louisa, second daughter of the late Sir Edward H. Scott, Bart., took place on the 12th, in St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street. The Duke of Edinburgh was present. The bridesmaids were Miss Scott, sister of the bride; Lady Florence Marsham, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Blanche Forbes, Lady Clementine Pratt, the Hon. Lois Yarde-Buller, and Miss Muriel Fletcher—the last two being cousins of the bridegroom. Mr. Edgar Sebright accompanied the bridegroom as best man. Lady Scott gave her daughter away.

In St. Michael's Church, Chester-square, on the 12th, was solemnised the marriage of Mr. Edward Fleming, eldest son of the Rev. Canon Fleming, with Miss Florence Field, daughter of Mrs. Telford Field, of Ovington-square. Captain Hacket-Thompson, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, acted as best man. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Charles Maudslay.

Notice is given that the State Apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

Earl Stanhope, Lord Lieutenant of Kent, opened the new drill-hall of the Woolwich Arsenal Rifles (3rd V.B. Queen's Own) in Beresford-street, Woolwich, on June 14.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild presided on June 12 at the forty-fifth anniversary banquet of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, held in the Hôtel Métropole, when contributions to the fund were announced amounting to £2050, including £100 from her Majesty and £100 from the chairman.

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## OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

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## THE MILITARY POLICE OF BURMAH.

The Sketches by Surgeon A. E. Newland, of the Army Medical Staff in India, which have already been presented to our readers, were accompanied with a sufficiently precise account of the organisation and services of this useful force, which is commanded by Brigadier Stedman, and is composed, not of Burmese natives, but of men enlisted in the districts of Upper India, and of the Punjab, that furnish the best recruits for the Indian Army. It is altogether separate from the Burmese Civil Police, which consists of Burmans; and its efficiency in the harassing warfare against the "dacoits," or banditti, who persist in their predatory attacks on villages in Upper Burmah, has been abundantly proved. Under the command of the English officers, two or three of whom are stationed with the Military Police in each district, these men fight as well as any native soldiers, and there is a long list of their honourable deeds within the past three years. Our present illustrations show them engaged in forming an escort to baggage-elephants and bullocks on the march, and in guarding a party of prisoners while employed in drawing water.

## BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The sixty-third anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum was held at the Crystal Palace on June 11. Mr. J. Bagot Scriven, of the firm of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., presided, and, in proposing "Continued Prosperity to the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum," showed what excellent work it was doing. It maintained, he said, 170 houses, in which 220 aged licensed victuallers resided, receiving allowances of coals and medical attendance, and there were also fifty outside pensioners. He had recently visited the asylum, and found the inmates happy and comfortable. The secretary then announced that the chairman's list of subscriptions and donations amounted to £2869, the firm of Barclay, Perkins, and Co. contributing £500. This list was subsequently increased to £3000, and the total of all the lists was £7500.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was present at the annual court of the Victoria Hospital for Children, held on the 11th. Earl Cadogan, who was in the chair, opened the meeting by saying that not only had the Duke of Edinburgh become a donor to the hospital, but he had also been pleased to allow his name to be proposed for election as a vice-president. The funds of the hospital had been much increased by donations from the friendly trades societies, and benefit had also been conferred by Miss Cubitt, who had closed her St. Gabriel Hospital for Children, and had amalgamated that work with the Victoria Hospital. Mr. Martin Smith then read the report for the past year, which stated that the number of in-patients was 1000, half of whom had been discharged as cured, while the number of out-patients was 14,000. After the Duke of Edinburgh had been proposed by the chairman, seconded by Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, and elected with acclamation as a vice-president of the hospital, the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

The anniversary festival in connection with the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society was held on the 11th, in the hall of the Salters' Company, Mr. John Morris in the chair. The society, whose schools are situated at Redhill, Surrey, is under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family, and is claimed to be the only one which aims at the relief of those who, once in prosperous circumstances, find themselves, from misfortune or sickness, reduced suddenly from affluence to indigence. To them the society offers invaluable help in the maintenance and education of their children. There are now in the schools 200 boys and 150 girls, who but for the institution might be without home, clothing, education, or maintenance; and over 100 are seeking admission. The children receive a sound and Christian education, and are prepared for the Oxford Local and South Kensington Science and Art Examinations. A list of contributions was announced amounting to £3000, including £500 from the chairman.

Supporters of Dr. Barnardo's Homes mustered in force at the Royal Albert Hall on the 11th, when they celebrated their twenty-fourth anniversary, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne. The orchestra seats were allotted to the girls from the homes, attired in neat summer frocks of white, blue, and pink, while behind them sat the boys in nautical costumes. The chairman stated that in the last five years the income of the institutions had increased from £60,000 to £106,000, while the number of children benefited had risen from 8,000 to nearly 16,000.

Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., presided, on the 11th, over the festival dinner of the City Orthopaedic Hospital, Hatton-garden, at the Holborn Restaurant. Since its establishment, forty years ago, it has treated 60,000 sufferers, of whom 2,600 were relieved last year. Enlargement of the hospital, purchase of freehold premises, and future contingencies rendered £10,000 necessary. Subscriptions were received amounting to £900.

The Earl of Rosebery, as Chairman of the London County Council, laid on the 12th the foundation-stone of the Claybury Asylum for pauper lunatics, near Woodford, Essex, which will accommodate 2000 inmates.

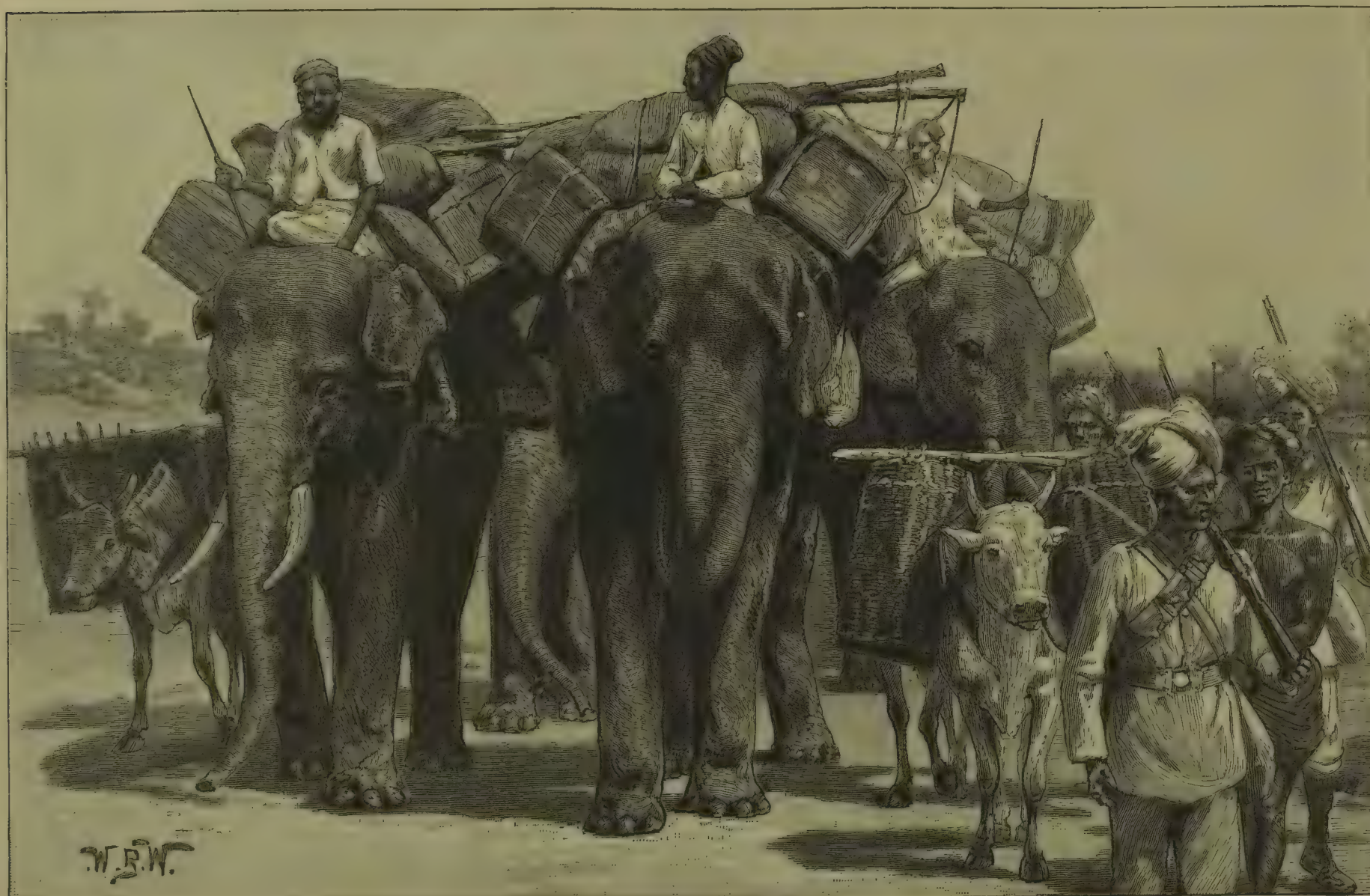
Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who was to have opened a bazaar in the Kensington Townhall on June 12 in aid of the Church Schoolmasters' and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution, was prevented from doing so by a cold, and the duty was consequently performed by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The object of the sale was to increase the annuity and orphan funds of the charity, which has for its raison d'être the relief of public elementary school teachers, or their widows and orphans, in times of temporary affliction and distress. The stalls, which were very prettily arranged, were presided over by ladies representing various districts of London. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who was loudly cheered, having declared the bazaar open, Mr. G. W. Perry, the general secretary, explained that the institution is a national one, and has as many as 140 branches in the country. Many purses were then handed to the Baroness, their contents amounting to about £900. The bazaar was continued the next two days.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the annual excursion (which will this year be run to Ramsgate, Margate, and Canterbury, Saturday, July 5) in aid of the funds of the Printing Machine Managers' Superannuation Fund. The committee are enabled, through the kindness of the South-Eastern Railway Company, to provide accommodation on a most liberal scale. The excursion will be from Saturday to Wednesday inclusive, one, two, three, four, or five days, at the option of the ticket-holder, starting from Charing-cross, and taking up passengers at Cannon-street, London Bridge, and New Cross Stations, and the fare, there and back, is 4s. 6d. for five days, or 3s. 6d. for one day. The fund was established seventeen years ago to provide a small allowance to printing machine managers who, from age or blindness, become incapacitated from following their trade. Tickets and other information to be obtained of Mr. D. D. Leahy, secretary, 132, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street, E.C.





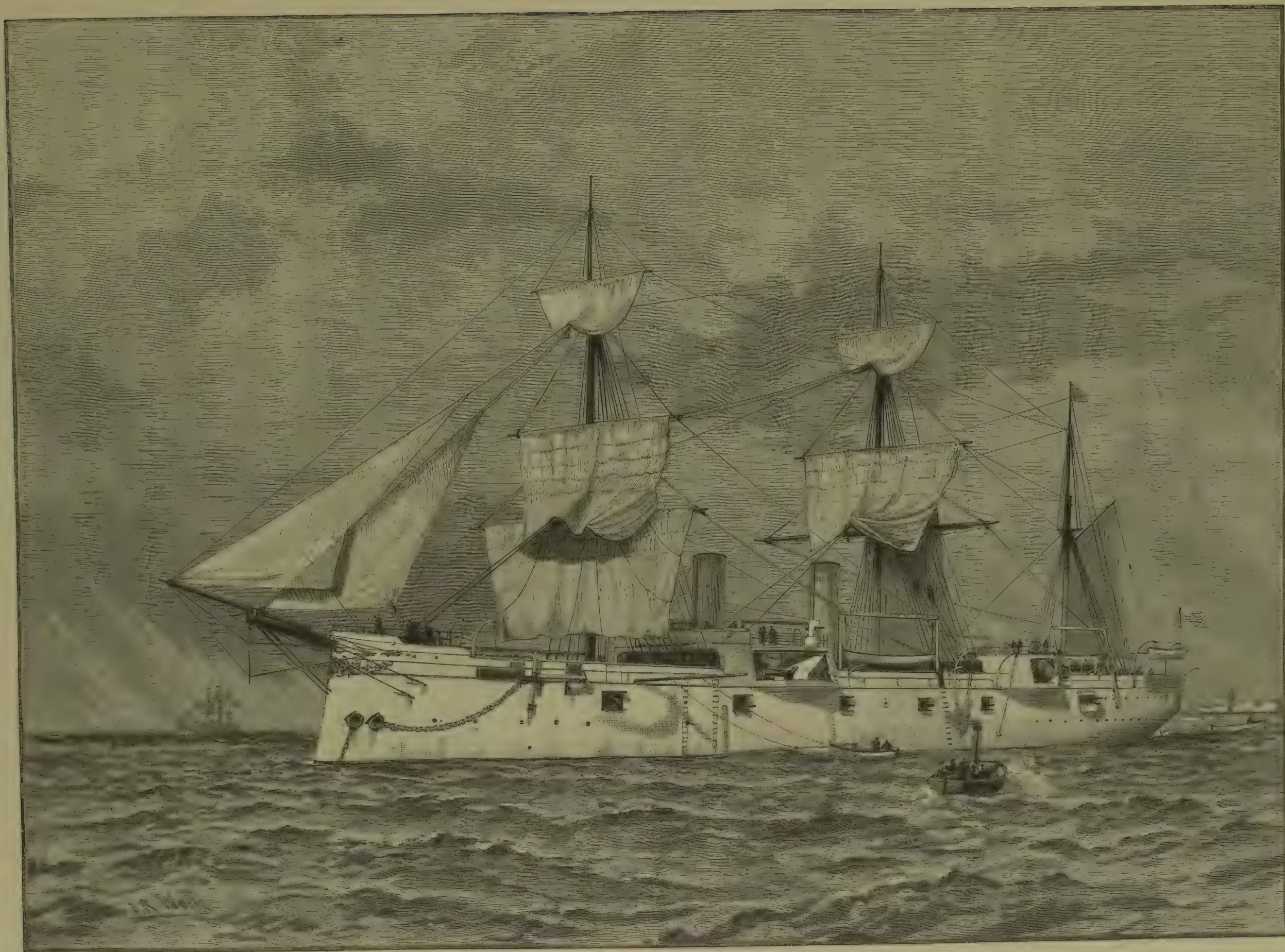
MILITARY POLICE GUARDING PRISONERS WHILE DRAWING WATER.



MILITARY POLICE FORMING ESCORT OF BAGGAGE ANIMALS ON THE MARCH.

THE MILITARY POLICE OF BURMAH.





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## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

More than half of Mr. Augustus Harris's present season has now expired; the variety and interest of the performances hitherto given having been such as would have been sufficient to render an entire season memorable. Since the proceedings last commented on by us, "Les Huguenots," "Lohengrin," "Don Giovanni," "Roméo et Juliette," "Die Meistersinger," and other operas have been repeated, with some few changes from recent casts. On June 13 Donizetti's "La Favorita" was given in French. This opera contains some of its composer's most dramatic music, together with those inequalities of style which are more or less observable in all his productions. The opera now referred to affords good scope for the display of declamatory passion, especially in the characters of Lenore and Fernand, which have been sustained by some of the greatest dramatic singers of the past, in the Italian version of the opera. These parts were, on the recent occasion now referred to, assigned respectively to Madame Richard and M. Montariol. The lady (who comes from the Paris Grand Opéra) appeared here for the first time on June 13. She possesses a fine mezzo-soprano voice, capable alike of passionate declamation and sympathetic expression, and has excellent qualities as an actress, which were especially manifested in the tragic situation of the final act. Her success was complete. M. Montariol suddenly replaced M. Ybos, the Belgian tenor who was to have appeared as Fernand. Under these circumstances, the first-named gentleman acquitted himself fairly well in an arduous character that is associated with the names of some great dramatic singers of the past, notably Signor Mario. The representation of "La Favorita" now referred to included an effective performance, by M. Cabalet, of the character of Alphonse; Signor Abramoff having been impressive as Balthazar, and Mdlle. Bauermeister a good representative of Ines. The performance was ably conducted by Signor Bevignani.

On a previous evening Madame Melba appeared as Elsa, in "Lohengrin" (for the first time here), and achieved a fresh success. In the altered cast of "Les Huguenots," Madame Nordica sustained the character of Valentina, M. Lassalle gave special importance to that of San Bris, and M. Winogradoff and Signor Ravelli were efficient respectively as Di Nevers and Raul. For June 18 Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" was announced.

Madame Sophie Menter's only recital this season (at St. James's Hall) deserves notice, which it could not receive earlier from us. The eminent pianist displayed her remarkable executive powers in a selection of pieces in past and present styles, classical and brilliant. In the former respect, Beethoven's sonata, Op. 109, and in the latter, Liszt's transcription of the overture to "Tannhäuser," were special instances of artistic excellence.

Miss Fanny Davies's morning concert, at Princes' Hall, could not receive earlier notice from us. This excellent young pianist very appropriately included in her programme several pieces by her instructress, the gifted Madame Schumann, whose pianoforte trio in G minor (Op. 17) was finely rendered by Miss Davies, in association with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti—a combination that could not be surpassed. Other pieces by the lady, who is distinguished both as a composer and a pianist, and compositions by her deceased husband, Robert Schumann, were played by Miss Davies, and Lieder were sung by Mdlle. Fillunger.

Mr. W. G. Cusins's annual concert at St. James's Hall, on June 12, occurred too late for more than bare mention until now. The concert-giver appeared in the double capacity of solo pianist and composer. He sustained the principal part in his clever Trio in G minor, besides playing some solo pieces. A special feature in the concert was the skilful performance, by M. Waefelghem, on the obsolete instrument the viol d'amore.

An addition to the numerous pianists of distinction visiting this country has been made in the person of M. Godowsky, a young Polish gentleman who recently gave a recital at Steinway Hall, at which he displayed exceptional merits, executive and intellectual, in music by Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin.

The second of Señor Sarasate's concerts at St. James's Hall, on June 14, included the co-operation of a full orchestra conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins. The exceptional skill of Señor Sarasate was manifested in M. Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," and in other pieces, to the contentment of a very large audience. At the same time, that excellent pianist Mdlle. Kleeberg was giving her second recital at Princes' Hall.

M. Paderewski's orchestral concert, at St. James's Hall, necessarily stood over for comment until now. This remarkable pianist appeared on the occasion referred to as composer as well as pianist. He performed, with orchestral accompaniments, a concerto of his own—a cleverly written piece for the display of executive skill, and was also heard in M. Saint-Saëns's elaborate concerto in C minor (No. 4), and in Liszt's characteristic Hungarian Fantasia. The concert also included Herr Willy Hess's skilful performance of a ballade for violin (with orchestra), the composition of Mr. Henschel, who conducted, the programme having likewise comprised a not very interesting orchestral "Suite" by Le Borne—a work consisting of four divisions, each with a distinctive heading indicating its purpose.

The fifth Richter concert of the present season included, as usual, specimens of the recent (the so-called "advanced") school of German music. These were Brahms's first pianoforte concerto (with Mr. L. Borwick as pianist), Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," and the "Trauer-Marsch" from "Götterdämmerung." In strong contrast to these were the other items of the programme—Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas" and Beethoven's seventh symphony (in A). Here were materials in accordance with very opposite musical opinions—those that hold the present period to be one of musical advancement, and those that hold a contrary opinion.

Concerts were recently announced by the Royal College of Music, by Mdlle. De Lido, Mdlle. Le Vallois, Herr Berber (a skilful violinist), and Signor Bonetti, besides a performance of Mr. Crowe's "Rose Queen," for the benefit of the Work Girls' Protection Society. Another concert with a benevolent object was one at St. James's Hall on June 13, in aid of the funds of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Much interest has been excited by the promise of a grand festival performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul" at the Crystal Palace on June 21, for which extensive preparations have been making for some time past. Some four hundred members of the fine Bristol Choir will assist in the choruses.

An interesting event will be the Welsh concert at St. James's Hall on July 2, in aid of the Morfa Colliery Explosion Fund. Choral performances will be given, conducted by Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, and twenty Welsh pianists will play on ten pianofortes.

## THE AMERICAN NAVY: U.S.S. CHICAGO.

The squadron of evolution sent by the United States Government to the Mediterranean, under command of Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, arrived on May 3 at Algiers. The Admiral's flag-ship is the frigate-built steel cruiser Chicago, which is represented in our Illustration. This ship, constructed of mild steel at a cost of £178,000, and launched in 1885, is 334 ft. long, 48 ft. broad, and draws 19 ft., having a displacement of 4500 tons. She has two screw-propellers, with engines of 5500-horse power, indicated; the machinery is protected by a partial steel deck. Her speed is fifteen knots an hour, and she carries 940 tons of coal. The armament consists of four 8-in. breech-loading guns, on the spar-deck; eight 6-in. breech-loading guns, in broadside, on the gun-deck; and two 5-in. breech-loading guns aft; with six machine-guns. Two or three other ships of the same type are being constructed.

## STATE CONCERT.

By command of the Queen a State concert was given on June 13 at Buckingham Palace.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Princess Maud of Wales, attended by Lady Emily Kingscote, Miss Knollys, Lady Colville of Culross, Lord Suffield, Sir F. Knollys, and Colonel Stanley Clarke, and escorted by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards, arrived at the garden entrance of the palace from Marlborough House.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived from Clarence House, attended by Lady Emma Osborne and Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Poore.

The Duchess of Albany, attended by Sir R. and Lady Collins, was present at the concert.

Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and his Highness Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein arrived from Cumberland Lodge, attended by Lady Edward Cavendish, Baroness von und zu Egloffstein, and Colonel the Hon. C. Eliot.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived from Gloucester House, attended by Colonel A. C. FitzGeorge.

The Duchess of Teck and the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, and Prince Francis of Teck, attended by the Hon. Mary Thesiger and Captain Edgar Sebright, were present at the concert.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince of Leiningen, the Princess of Leiningen, and Princess Alberta of Leiningen, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Countess Feodora Gleichen, Countess Victoria Gleichen, and Count Edward Gleichen were invited to the concert.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the other members of the Royal family, conducted by the Earl of Lathom (Lord Chamberlain), and attended by the Great Officers of State and the ladies and gentlemen of the Household in Waiting, entered the saloon at eleven o'clock, when the concert immediately commenced.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of red satin and gold brocade. Headdress: A tiara of sapphires and diamonds. Ornaments: Sapphires, pearls, and diamonds. Orders: Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, the Jubilee Commemoration Medal, and the Danish Family Order.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein wore a dress of rich white broché crêpe de Chine, trimmed with gold and silver braid. Ornaments: Tiara and necklace of turquoises and diamonds. Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Jubilee Commemoration Medal, and St. John of Jerusalem.

Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales wore dresses of white satin entirely veiled in mousseline de soie, corsages of white broché trimmed mousseline de soie to correspond. Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, St. John of Jerusalem, and Jubilee Commemoration Medal. Ornaments: Pearls and diamonds.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein wore a gown of white brocade merveilleux trimmed with white flowers; bodice trimmed with white crêpe lisse and flowers. Ornaments: Pearls and diamonds. Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, and Jubilee Commemoration Medal.

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein wore a gown of white Ottoman silk draped with white crêpe and flowers; bodice to correspond. Ornaments: Pearls and diamonds. Orders: Victoria and Albert and Jubilee Commemoration Medal.

The programme of music was as follows:—

Overture, "Tannhäuser"	Wagner.
Duo, "O nuit d'Hyménée" ("Roméo et Juliette")	Gounod.
Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan and Mr. Barton McGuckin.	
Aria, "Infelice, o tu credevi" ("Ernani")	Verdi.
Mr. F. Barrington Foote.	
Chorus, "O salutaris Hostia"	Rossini.
Lied, "Die Lorelei"	Liszt.
Mrs. Henschel.	
Aria, "Addio, miei sospiri" ("Orfeo")	Berton.
Madame Scatchi.	
Scena, "Da voi lontani" ("Lohengrin")	Wagner.
Mr. Barton McGuckin.	
Prière et Barcarolle, "Veglia dal Ciel" ("L'Etoile du Nord")	Meyerbeer.
Madame Albani.	
Chorus, "Come, with torches brightly flashing" ("The First Walpurgis Night")	Mendelssohn.
Solo, Mr. F. Barrington Foote.	
Duo, "Canta, o Sirena" ("Medea")	Boito.
Mesdames Albani and Scatchi.	
Air, "Plus grand dans son obscurité" ("La Reine de Saba")	Gounod.
Mdlle Zélie de Lussan.	
Quartet, "Gira, gira" ("Marta")	Flotow.
Mesdames Albani and Scatchi.	
Messrs. Barton McGuckin and F. Barrington Foote.	
"God Save the Queen."	
Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins.	

The orchestra and chorus, consisting of 160 performers, comprised her Majesty's Private Band, assisted by members selected from the principal orchestral and choral societies in London.

Many members of the Corps Diplomatique and a large number of other persons of distinction were invited.

The Royal Southern Yacht Club's handicap match at Southampton was won by Mohawk, the second prize being taken by Samosna. The 20-tonner match was won by Dragon.

At Christie's, the famous Perkins Collection of Old Masters was brought to the hammer. The occasion attracted a great gathering of amateurs, including the Duke of Marlborough and Earl De Grey. The large sum of £25,561 was realised during the day.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, following in the footsteps of their predecessors, who have always taken interest in the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood, gave a garden party at that excellent institution on June 14, with the object of once more calling attention to its merits. The students entertained the visitors with various exercises, mental, musical, gymnastic, and other, not forgetting those by which they are taught to earn their living. Dr. Campbell, the principal, explained the object of the college as being to make the blind self-reliant and independent. He called special attention to the gymnasium, said to be one of the best in the world.

## CHESTER.

Our primary object in visiting Chester was to have a few spins up the Dee preparatory to a boat-race in which the younger of the two was to take part; but it struck us that, since it was possible to kill two birds with one stone, we could not do better than kill the two—in other words, seeing that we had three good days at our disposal, and could scarcely spend the whole of them on the river, we thought it would be a shame if we neglected the interesting old city itself, especially as I had not seen it for more years than I care to remember, and especially, again, as my friend had never seen it at all. Unfortunately, we were there at the last holiday season—that season at which Chester was, somewhat incongruously, crowded with trippers from all parts of Lancashire and Cheshire, and at which young clerks from Liverpool brought their innamoratas for a row to Eccleston, there to have tea at a shilling a head. Everybody had boats, though hardly one man in four knew how to row, and from this cause it may be imagined that the Dee did not, on this occasion, constitute an oarsman's paradise, although, take it all round, you will find few better rivers for boating in the country, or, at any rate, in the North. It was only in the early morning, or in the dusk of the twilight when the moon was up and yet it was not night, when the steam barges which take you up for sixpence had moored for the night, and when all the amateur casual oarsmen had taken train for their respective destinations, that one could really enjoy the row, and drink in at the same time all the pleasurable influences of the "wizard stream" (I make the inevitable allusion to Lycidas, of course) on which the eight tributary kings rowed Edgar, and on which other strange and stirring things have happened, which I do not think it is necessary to enumerate here. But to come to the city. We had ample time, under the circumstances, to view it, to make the circuit of the walls which separate the old city from the new, to study the cathedral, and to inspect the "Rows," by virtue of which Chester is unique.

The city is noteworthy for two things—for these Rows, of which I will speak farther on, and as being the only city in Great Britain which has the enclosure of its ancient walls complete and so well preserved as to furnish what Dean Howson calls "a convenient and public" promenade throughout their whole extent. The train discharges you and its other contents some distance away, in the new portion—which, by-the-bye, is not altogether new, for during the Civil War there was quite a colony without the walls, on the east side—and you are well in modern Chester before you see the East Gate (now merely a bridge spanning Eastgate-street) in front of you, and remember that this was the ancient boundary, and that it was at this gate the Roundheads concentrated their forces, and thundered for a whole day with their cannon, in the hope of making the stubborn city yield. At the East Gate you get on to the wall by going up some steps on either the right- or left-hand side. The right is the more interesting, and takes you in a few moments to the ruins of the Norman church of "St. John the Baptist without the walls"—the unfortunate edifice founded by King Ethelred in the seventh century on the spot where he had seen a white hind. On the other hand, without the walls, is the cathedral, built of soft red sandstone which does not "keep its age well"; and a little beyond this point is the Phoenix Tower, from which Charles watched the defeat of his troops, and from which the present-day observer may watch the placid and somewhat dirty waters of the Chester and Ellesmere canal gliding along about as lazily as the boats on their surface. After a pretty bit of walking—the tree-sheltered canal to the right and an avenue of fine elms skirting the wall to the left—you come to the North Gate, and after this to Benwaldesthorpe's Tower and the Water Tower, the latter some thirty yards from the main wall, with which it is connected by a battlemented roadway, on one side of which is a wooden statue of Queen Anne that ought to flatter that weak-minded monarch were she able to see it. The Water Tower now is a museum, in which you meet with all the regulation curiosities; but at one time it was used to repel marine invasions. Standing at the top of the tower it is difficult to realise that the Dee could ever have come up thus far: it is now some hundreds of yards away. There is no gainsaying the statement, however: the waters have retreated or altered their course, and the bed, moreover, has been filling up for some centuries past. Time was when Chester was a commercial port, second only to Bristol in the West; but Liverpool, which is rapidly coming to a like fate, took all her trade away, and Chester is at this date practically nothing as a port, and, though a lively city enough, lives more as a market-town than anything else. The continuation of the circumference from the Water Tower brings one to the Roodee, where the annual races are run, and where the various local games and competitions used to be played. After crossing the road along which the tram goes to Hawarden, there is the Castle, not that to which Richard II. was brought a prisoner, but its modern successor—a dismal workhouse-like edifice. Here the wall takes a sharp curve, and, following it, you come to the boat-station, where cockleshells of all sizes are to be hired at a shilling an hour, and eightpence at holiday times. Here also are the headquarters of the boating clubs; but we resist the temptation to take a row, and continue our walk, which in a few minutes more brings us to the East Gate—that gate we had left some forty minutes before.

One feels inclined to go on gossiping through an endless quantity of paper about the queer houses which present themselves at every turn on the street level, but is brought up by considerations of space and the reader's capacity of endurance. Among so many features of interest, therefore, I select the most interesting and the most uncommon—that is, the Rows, of which an exact prototype has been found nowhere save in classical Rome. Imagine the whole of the first floor front of a street of shops and houses cut away, with columns to prevent the upper storeys from falling in, with a balcony in front to prevent anyone from tumbling into the street, and a succession of shops behind up to which lead steps from the street at intervals of about thirty yards—imagine all this, and you have some conception of what a Chester row looks like. For an adequate idea, however, a visit to the city is essential. "Here is a property of building," says old Fuller, "peculiar to the city, and called Rows, being galleries wherein passengers go dry, without coming into the streets, having shops on both sides and underneath, the fashion whereof is somewhat hard to conceive; it is therefore worth their pains who have money and leisure to make their own eyes the expounders of the manner thereof, the like being said not to be seen in all England, no, nor in all Europe again." The advice is worth taking; the Rows are much as they were when Fuller wrote, or when Bishop Lloyd—whose house, presenting this peculiarity, is in Watergate-row—was alive and looked after the spiritual welfare of the diocese; and although the houses here and there have been renovated, or even the front elevation, in some instances, completely rebuilt, still there is much to interest a student of our social life: he can touch the old timbers that have stood the sunshine and storm of twenty generations, and in the midst of the busy bustling city feel the air of antiquity surrounding him, fanning his cheek and making it glow with the passion of the past.—M. R. D.



## THE LEEDS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition recently opened at Leeds is not artistic or ornamental, but is designed to illustrate the progress of engineering, mining, and manufacturing industries, and of the commerce belonging to them, in which matters few provincial towns have an equal claim to important consideration. Not only the woollen cloth trade, which it shares with Bradford, Huddersfield, Dewsbury, Wakefield, and other places, and that of flax and linen, which is now carried on more largely at Belfast and Dundee, but its ironworks and foundries, engine and machine-factories, collieries, potteries, especially the terracotta and faience works of Burmantofts, tanneries and leather manufactures, glass-making, and other industries, contribute to the prosperity of Leeds, with its population of 360,000, the centre of a district containing five millions of people, and rivaling Manchester in commercial and social importance.

The buildings erected for this Exhibition in the Carlton Parade Grounds, as shown by our Illustration, are rather of a practical and utilitarian character than ornamental, containing space for exhibits to the extent of five acres, with a vast gallery for machinery in motion; but there is a large concert-hall, where 1700 persons can be seated, also dining-rooms and other refreshment-rooms, and a pleasant enclosed garden, besides the inevitable "switchback railway," and other amusements, with music of bands. The local committee, of which Mr. Thomas Dawson is the acting chairman, as in the Exhibition of 1875, the general manager, Mr. Joseph Davis, and Mr. W. Bakewell, the architect, may be congratulated on the success of their preparations; and it is to be expected that Leeds, with this Exhibition, and with the approaching Congress of the British Association of Science, will attract a multitude of visitors, some of whom may afterwards be at leisure to enjoy a few holiday excursions amid the West Yorkshire dales and moorlands.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.* Vols. III. and IV., embracing the period 1850 to 1870. Translated by Percy Andrea, Ph.D. (Remington and Co.)—One of the most patriotic of the group of minor German Sovereign Princes, below the rank of Kings, whose political existence has survived the recent aggrandisement of the Prussian monarchy, is the author of these volumes of contemporary narrative, the elder brother of our beloved Queen's Prince Consort. This work, properly an autobiography of his own public conduct, ending with the creation of the new German Empire under King William of Prussia after the military victories in France, should be read in conjunction with Professor Von Sybel's laborious treatise, of which two volumes have been published in German, on the events that led to the Prussian acquisition of presiding authority over the Federation constituted in 1871. For Duke Ernest, though he had then become a willing supporter of the Emperor William I. and Prince Bismarck, was long regarded as the leader of what was called the Gotha party in Germany, whose efforts to reform the delusive and ineffective system of Confederation at the Frankfurt Diet under the Austrian Presidency were by no means intended to subserve Prussian ambition. From the abortive debates and proposals of the National Assembly, convened in 1848, down to the outbreak of the second Schleswig-Holstein War, in 1864, there were several different schemes for constituting the desired unity of political action and military force among the numerous and unequal German States. The exclusion of Austria was not then demanded; but some wished to reduce both Austria and Prussia to actual dependence on a really supreme Federal Council; others to create a third Power, which might be Bavaria, and make it equally competent to take its share or turn of executive service in German affairs. It is pretty clear that all these notions were disagreeable to the Court of Berlin, under the Prince Regent, subsequently King and Emperor. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, therefore, until the war between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, put an end to the old Confederation, maintained a line of conduct which was strictly loyal to his brother Sovereigns and independent of Prussian intrigues for ascendancy, while firmly and boldly asserting the common interests of Germany in all questions of foreign policy. He cultivated friendly relations with the Emperor of Austria, and on several occasions was received by the Emperor Napoleon III. as the trustworthy exponent of the sentiments of the Middle and South German States, never failing to declare their resolution to permit no French interference, or any cession of German territory on the frontier. His correspondence with Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, in England, and with his uncle King Leopold, in Belgium, a few of whose letters are here printed, does honour to his fidelity and consistency in preserving this upright course of action.

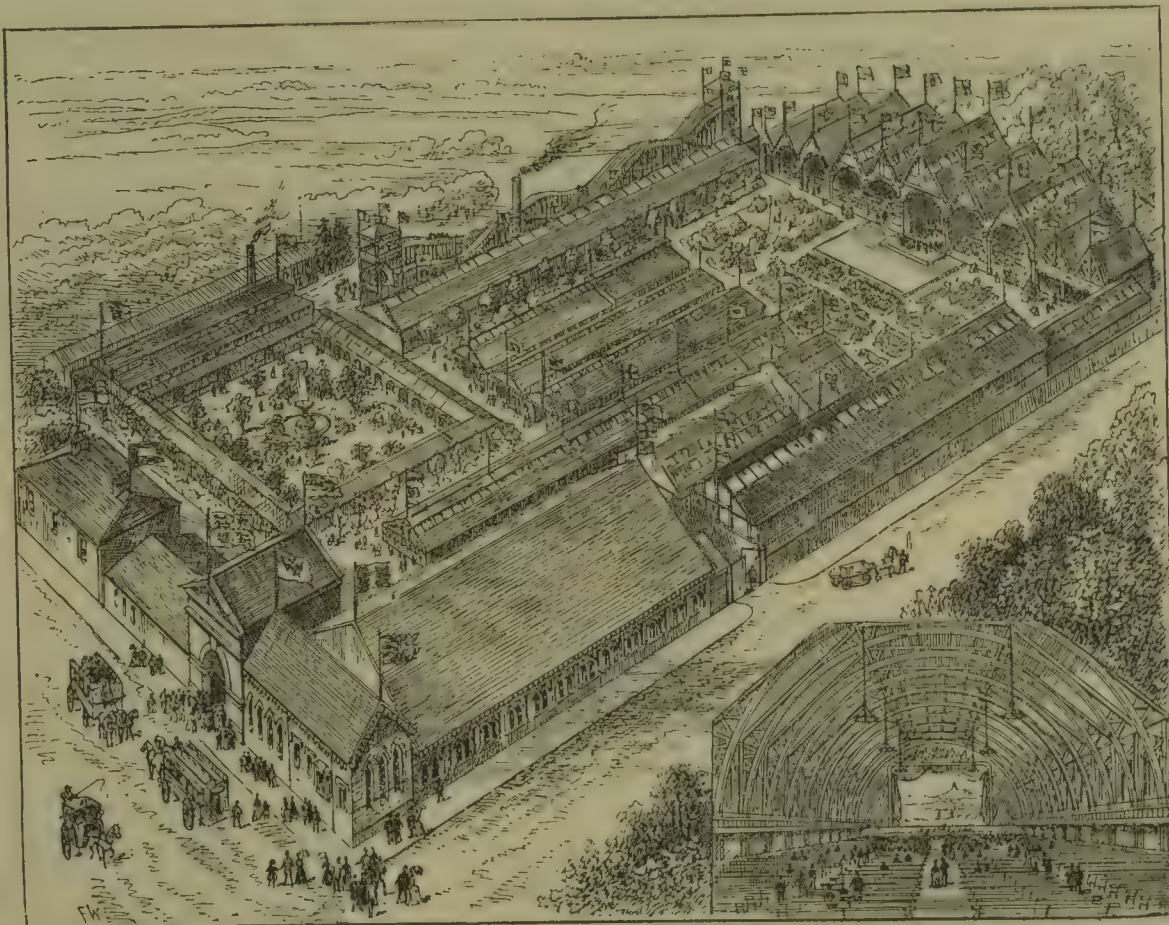
Much fresh light on the other transactions of great European importance during those twenty years—the Crimean War, the War of Italian Liberation, and the insurrection of Russian Poland, or on the French expedition to Mexico, could hardly be expected. But Duke Ernest's reports of conversations at the Tuileries show that the Empress Eugénie's personal sentiments had a great deal of influence with her husband's Government on the two last-mentioned occasions. Her Majesty cherished the romantic idea of appearing as the patroness and protectress of the Catholic Church, by an intervention in Poland; and that also of earning the favour of the House of Hapsburg by placing Archduke Maximilian on the throne of a Mexican Empire. Napoleon III. seems to have passively abandoned himself to these influences, and to have allowed more practical matters of French policy to drift into confusion. He certainly hoped to gain advantages for France on the Rhine frontier by diplomatic agency, in the way of compensation for the increased power of Prussia, and never seriously contemplated war with the united forces of the German nation, for which he knew France to be

utterly unprepared. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was not deceived, nor were any of the minor German Sovereigns deceived, in their judgment of the singular character of the French Emperor; but they saw, with all the wise statesmen of Europe, how greatly he deceived himself. In the last volume of these Memoirs will be found a precise account of some affairs in which the author bore an active part: his support of Frederick, Duke of Augustenburg, as legal claimant of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, at the end of 1863, which was disregarded by the two Great Powers of Germany; and his adhesion to Prussia in 1866, and the military services that he was enabled to render with the Gotha contingent, in aiding to stop the Hanoverian troops moving southward to join the Bavarian army, for several days before the fight at Langensalza. Immediately after the surrender of the Hanoverians, being appointed to the staff of the Crown Prince, he started for the greater theatre of war in Bohemia; and, though a day too late for the grand battle of Sadowa, or Königgratz, witnessed all the remainder of that campaign. In 1870 he accompanied the army of the Crown Prince in France, was at the capture of Sedan and at the siege of Paris, and assisted, with the other German Princes, in proclaiming the King of Prussia thenceforth German Emperor; indeed a memorable achievement, terminating at length, happily for Germany, those prolonged disputes of dynastic rivalry and jealousy which had for ages divided and enfeebled one of the greatest nations of Europe.

*The Log of the Nereid.* By Thomas Gibson Bowles, R.N.R., Master Mariner. Illustrated by Lockhart Bogle. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—A loitering private yacht voyage in the Mediterranean, from August to March, in which the owner of the *Nereid*, a sailing schooner bought at Cowes for this occasion, personally managed all the details of navigation and seamanship, might be interesting chiefly to amateurs of nautical skill. But Mr. Bowles was accompanied by his own young children, four in number, with their governess and nurse. No other passengers, ladies or gentlemen, were on board; and, the expedition being quite a family affair—some-

could deal with the general rebellion; the most urgent task was that of rescuing our countrymen and women at Cawnpore and Lucknow. The man who arrived from the Persian campaign in time for this duty was Colonel Henry Havelock, a veteran officer, sixty-two years of age, who had been a soldier forty-two years, and had spent thirty-four years in Indian service, but had never before held an independent command in the field. In the remaining few months of his life, dying at Lucknow on November 24, he did enough to earn perpetual fame, gratitude, and honour, among the heroes of the nation. This biography, the work of one of our ablest writers on military topics, though within the compass of a small volume, contains a sufficiently full and detailed narrative of those memorable actions. Havelock's preceding services and experiences, including his share in Sale's defence of Jellalabad in the Afghan War, from January to April 1842, and in Gough's campaign on the Sutlej, with the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobroon, in 1846, are related also without stint of needful description. Upon those occasions, when his labours and counsels as a member of the staff were of great value, he was not in a position to gain public renown; and his whole life, till the Sepoy Mutiny War, had been spent in steady, useful work, relieved by one short visit to England, with very slow promotion. As Mr. Archibald Forbes points out, Indian service at that time was peculiarly unfavourable to the chances of subaltern officers and captains in the Royal Army getting on in professional rank, while those of the Company's Army had many good opportunities. If Havelock, who did not purchase any of his steps, became a Major-General in July 1857, after forty-two years, Sir Colin Campbell had had to wait forty-six years, and other good officers waited fifty—notable instances of a very bad system. It was as Brigadier commanding a little force of one thousand British soldiers, portions of the 78th Regiment (Highlanders, Ross-shire Buffs), the Madras Fusiliers, the 64th Regiment, the 84th, and Maude's field artillery battery, with the loyal Sikhs and a few irregular horse, that Havelock marched to Cawnpore, joined on the route by Neill, with a

force about half that strength, of similar composition. We can but imagine a hurried march, sometimes above twenty miles a day, over the sultry plains of India in July. Seldom have European troops been required to endure such a trial, compared with which the campaigns of later date in the Sudan, or those in South Africa, were almost easy. But every British soldier's heart was burning to save or to avenge the women and children at Cawnpore. The battles that Havelock fought along that road, at Futtehpore, at the Pandoo Nuddee, and in the last engagement, with the main army of Nana Sahib, in the nearer approach to Cawnpore, were contested by thrice his force of well-disciplined native troops, with European arms and training, and with powerful artillery. His victories, and some others in the Indian Sepoy War, seem, therefore, greater feats of warfare than any since performed by British soldiers, except, perhaps, those of Sir F. Roberts in Afghanistan. The horrid massacre of Cawnpore had been perpetrated a day or two before he reached that place with his available strength reduced to eight hundred men. Some of us can vividly remember the feelings it excited here in England, mingled with enthusiastic admiration of Havelock, who then pushed on through Oude with some reinforcements, while Sir James Outram, appointed his superior in command, generously chose to accompany him as a volunteer, the army



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LEEDS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

thing of a practical joke got up by a kind and clever papa for the recreation and diversion of his little boys and girls—this narrative is more amusing than some reports of ordinary maritime tourists. The life and soul of its best fun is a delightful child, between three and four years old, who is called "Weenie." Miss Dorothy Bowles, one of the most charming specimens of her sex at that period of infancy which is, to certain admirers of feminine nature, almost superior in attractiveness to ripe girlhood and womanhood. "Captain Weenie," much indulged in her innocent caprices, a "caressing, imperious, fascinating, engrossing little tyrant," incessantly noticed and petted by the fondest of fathers, and idolised by every man of the crew, is the real heroine of this humorous narrative of life at sea. Her elder sister, Miss Sydney, and her two brothers, George and Geoffrey, seem figures of comparatively small importance, but were, no doubt, enabled to enjoy the pleasures of the cruise and the adventures on shore. The places visited by the yacht, after Gibraltar, were Algiers, Bona, Malta, Alexandria, Acre, Beyrout, Haifa, and Joppa, while excursions were made to Cairo, and up the Nile to Luxor or Philæ; and from the Syrian coast to Mount Carmel, to Damascus, and to Jerusalem, by Mr. Bowles alone, without the children. His descriptions of scenes which have so often been made the theme of travellers' letters and journals could not be expected to have the air of novelty; but his comments are strongly original, and are vigorously expressed. As a humourist—certainly not an enthusiast, unless it be in his exultation over the privileges of a free seafaring life, with all its vicissitudes of wind and weather—and in showing off the precocious wit and spirit of his lovely little daughter, Mr. Bowles furnishes very good entertainment. The illustrations, of which there are a dozen, besides the portrait of "Captain Weenie" in the frontispiece, adorn this lively and agreeable book.

*English Men of Action: Havelock.* By Archibald Forbes. (Macmillan and Co.)—"I have brought you the man," said to the Governor-General, Lord Canning, on June 17, 1857, Sir Patrick Grant, the Commander-in-Chief. A man was wanted, then and there; for the whole Sepoy Army of Bengal, from Allahabad to Agra, had mutinied and revolted, killing their officers and other Europeans; Delhi was captured by the rebels; while at Cawnpore and Lucknow the Englishmen, with many ladies and children, were shut up in houses closely besieged by armies of merciless insurgents. It was not possible for months to collect a British army that

being now raised to over three thousand. How they got to Lucknow, in September, and forced their way through the suburbs of that great city, storming the Alumbagh, the bridge of the Charbagh, and the narrow streets crowded with the enemy, till they entered the Residency, on Sept. 26, to the relief of Brigadier Inglis, is well told in this little book. Major-General Havelock had nobly done his work, but it was not till the middle of November that its result was made secure by Sir Colin Campbell's masterly operations for the complete deliverance of the garrison; and the final conquest of Lucknow was a later achievement. Havelock lived but seven weeks, assisting Outram in his further defence. Dying of a disease caused by the fatigues and exposure he had suffered, this hero was enabled to know that all was so far well; but he never heard of the honours and rewards decreed to him by the Government of his country. His character as a man and as a soldier, like that of the late General Gordon, with virtues profoundly rooted in the sentiment of religion, is one of the cherished possessions of the British nation.

The Company of Grocers have sent £100 for the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Civil Service Athletic Sports was held at Stamford Bridge Grounds, in the presence of about five thousand spectators, on June 14. The Duchess of Buccleugh distributed the prizes.

We hear of another University Settlement in East London, to be called Mansfield House, and to be opened in September next, under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. The scheme originated among University men belonging to the Free Churches, and its general purpose is to establish a centre for religious, social, and educational work of all kinds among the poor. Canning Town, the selected district, is at the extreme East of London, close to the Victoria Docks, and remote from Toynbee Hall and similar agencies, and is almost untouched by work of the kind contemplated. All who can give personal help in any part of the work are invited to communicate with Mr. Percy Alden, care of the Rev. F. W. Newland, 203, Barking-road, Canning Town, E. Contributions and subscriptions will be received by Mr. Joseph King, M.A., 44, Well-walk, Hampstead, London, N.W., or by the Secretary, Mr. N. H. Smith, M.A., Mansfield College, Oxford.





THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S MEETING AT PLYMOUTH: GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW-YARD.



THE PRIESTS' HOUSE, ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW-YARD: VIEW FROM THE SOUTH.



THE ARMADA MONUMENT, PLYMOUTH.





OLD DOORWAY, PLYMOUTH.

### THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT PLYMOUTH.

The meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society this year at Plymouth will bring visitors from all parts of England to that pleasant, famous, and inviting but rather distant town, more than two hundred miles from London, at the extreme south-west corner of beautiful Devonshire, where Plymouth, with the adjacent towns of Stonehouse and Devonport, forms the largest collective urban community, numbering altogether 150,000, in the western region. Those three towns, as everybody knows, stand on the shore of Plymouth Sound, and on the banks of the rivers Plym and Tamar, the estuary of the latter, called the Hamoaze, being one of our great naval ports, and having Devonport Dockyard, with other Government establishments for the service of the Royal Navy, on its Devonshire shore. Founded two hundred years ago by King William III., this dockyard in course of time gathered a small town about it, which was called "Plymouth Dock" until so late as 1824, but which then obtained the name of Devonport, and subsequently a Mayor and Corporation and members of Parliament of its own. Stonehouse, not yet endowed with the full dignities of a municipality, is situated between Plymouth and Devonport, occupying a part of the shore from Millbay to the Hamoaze. It likewise contains important Government establishments—the "Royal William Victualling Yard," for preparing the stores of provisions to be put on board our ships of war, and the Royal Marine Barracks. The most attractive point in the situation of Devonport and Stonehouse is the view which they command of the Hamoaze and of the opposite Cornish shore up to Saltash, with the wooded promontory of Mount Edgecumbe, a delightful park, on the west side of Plymouth Sound, to which Drake's Island, Mount Wise, and other conspicuous features of the scene give an aspect of particular interest. But it is chiefly of Plymouth town, not of its neighbours, that we are just now called upon to speak in connection with the subjects of our present illustrations.

The Plym, one of the romantic Dartmoor rivers, before its waters flow beneath the rocks of Oreston and Mount Batten into the open bay, or "Sound," accepts the local name of Lara, and its estuary is called the Catwater, a good commercial harbour. Sutton Pool, an inlet of this estuary, is the old harbour of this port, and we know not precisely when the little fishery town of Sutton began to be styled Plymouth. But this was a place of maritime resort in prehistoric ages: the Phœnicians or Carthaginians, and the vessels of Belgic Gaul, long before the Romans knew Britain, may have sailed here for the tin which abounded in the ancient mines of Dartmoor. In the Plantagenet reigns we find Plymouth contributing many good ships and sailors to the French wars; and most of the naval expeditions of Elizabeth's time, for the colonisation of North America, for Arctic discovery, or for the plunder of the Spanish West Indies, were fitted out at this port. Here, in 1583, the fleet of Lord Howard of Effingham, seconded by the brave Sir Francis Drake, went forth to do battle with the threatening Armada. It was from Plymouth that Sir John Hawkins, an eminent townsman, Sir John Martin Frobisher, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir John Davis, Sir Richard Grenville, and Sir Walter Raleigh often sailed, either to the New World, to Florida, Virginia, or Newfoundland, to Guiana, or to the South Seas. Plymouth became a fortress under the Governorship of Drake. In the Civil Wars this town held with the Parliament against King Charles, and withstood repeated sieges. It was the first in England to proclaim William III. King in 1688, on his landing at Torbay. Our naval conflicts with France in the eighteenth century were more generally associated with this port than with any other; and so were Captain Cook's voyages round the globe. Old inhabitants of Plymouth used to tell us how they saw the last of Napoleon Buonaparte on board the Bellerophon in this harbour, when he was transported to St. Helena.

The town is pleasantly situated, with its mile-long cliff promenade, the "Hoe," facing due south, overlooking the Sound, which is three miles wide, the Breakwater, and the open sea. In the distance is Eddystone Lighthouse. It may be questioned whether the defences be sufficient to resist a hostile fleet: they would certainly not prevent a bombardment with big guns. But there are iron forts near the

Breakwater, and batteries on shore and on Drake's Island, to protect the Hamoaze. The Citadel of Plymouth, on the Hoe, was constructed in the reign of Charles II., and its inner gate is of elaborate architectural design, with pilasters and sculptured trophies. Several monuments of an interesting character adorn the Hoe—a statue of Sir Francis Drake; the new Spanish Armada Memorial, consisting of a lofty granite structure, with the bronze figure of Britannia, holding sword, shield, trident, and banner, on its summit, and with supporting figures, below, of an ancient Viking and a female personification of Vigilance; the old Lighthouse of Smeaton, removed



MEETING-HOUSE OF THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

from the Eddystone Rock; and the Queen's Jubilee Fountain. The building occupied by the Marine Biological Association stands near the Citadel; and a handsome row of houses lines the back of the Hoe.

The old part of the town, near Sutton Pool, contains few buildings with marks of antiquity; but our Artist has sketched the remains of a tower or fort in Lambhay-street, adjacent to the Barbican, on the site of the ancient Castle; a Norman doorway of some demolished almshouses, and one or two objects of similar character. There is also what is called the Abbey, which was a conventual dependency of the monastery at Plympton. St. Andrew's Church, one of the finest in the West of England, was built towards the end of the fourteenth century: it has a grand nave and aisles, north and south transepts, and chancel with aisles, and a noble tower, of granite and limestone. The modern public edifices of Plymouth are



THE MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH.

of a stately dignity which commands respect. The Guildhall, with statues ornamenting its gables, and with a tower 190 ft. high, is an imposing edifice, in the Gothic style; the Municipal Buildings, the Theatre Royal and Assembly Rooms, and several of the churches, have a handsome aspect. Plymouth has always been a rather lively and zealous community with



REMAINS OF THE OLD FORT, PLYMOUTH.



FIGURE OF BRITANNIA ON THE ARMADA MONUMENT.

regard to religious movements; and it was here, half a century ago, that the sect of "Plymouth Brethren," whose doctrines and practices somewhat resembled those of the early Quakers, began its operations, much noticed at the time. Their building is known as the Raleigh-street Hall.

The Show-yard of the Royal Agricultural Society is shown in two of our illustrations. It will accommodate the cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs, of which 1779 are entered for exhibition, with 692 head of poultry; and there is shedding to the extent of 9078 ft. for the agricultural implements, machinery, models, dairies, and collections of seeds. The meeting is held from Saturday, June 21, to June 27; Lord Moreton is president, and Sir Jacob Wilson is honorary director. The Mayor of Plymouth and the local committee have aided in all the needful arrangements in that town.

### THE PHYSICAL FOUNDATION OF MUSIC.

The Friday discourse (June 13) of the Royal Institution, the last of the season, was given by Professor Sylvanus P. Thomson on "The Physical Basis of Music." It was, he said, important to recognise the two distinct aspects in which music could be studied, one the purely physical question of the production of various sounds, the other the psychological consideration of how sounds affect our emotions. It was his intention that evening to confine himself entirely to physical considerations, and bring under the notice of his audience some of the work that was being carried on by M. Koenig in Paris. M. Koenig had kindly lent much of his apparatus for the purpose. He had so devoted himself to his subject that he practically shut himself up as a recluse among his resonators, tuning-forks, and revolving discs. To Pythagoras and the early geometers it was known that the length of a free vibrating string influenced the pitch of the note it produced, but it had been left for modern times to discover the connection between pitch and the number of vibrations per second. Whatever we might conventionally select as a true middle C, a C having a certain number of vibrations, the relation of all other notes to it could be expressed mathematically. Consonance and dissonance were due to the ratio of one sound to another as expressed in numbers per second of wave-vibrations. M. Koenig had worked, not only with sets of very accurately made tuning-forks and bars, but also with large syrens, the revolving discs of which were notched with different numbers of notches, thus producing different notes. A comparison of the notes produced by these showed that where two sounding together produced "beats" the numbers were not in any exact ratio. A, B, and a C sounded together gave beats, but worse still a C and a D. The whole question could be worked out mathematically on paper as to what sounds would go together without beats, what would produce them, and what would be their frequency. The elaborate arrangements of M. Koenig gave in a variety of ways means of practically testing the accuracy of the calculations. Overtures in mathematical sequence did not produce beats, "Timbre" opened up too many questions to be dealt with then, but he had thought it of interest to bring the method of M. Koenig's work under their notice, together with some of the actual apparatus employed.—On the 14th the Rev. S. Baring-Gould concluded his course of three lectures on "The Ballad Music of the West of England," with illustrations, and this ended the lecture season.

In the First Division of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on June 14, the Duke of Montrose presented his commission and took the oaths as Lord Clerk Register and Keeper of the Signet, in room of the late Earl of Glasgow.

We have received from Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington two recent numbers of their beautiful publication *Artistic Japan*, conducted by Mr. S. Bing. The covers alone, which vary every month, are delightful, and each number contains numerous coloured plates, excellent reproductions of Japanese pictures, designs, pottery, &c., and also many sketches in black-and-white. An interesting paper appears in each number on some Japanese art or artist. To one number Mr. Louis Gonse writes of the Japanese artist Korin, and to the other Mr. A. Lequeux contributes an article on the Theatre in Japan.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## WHAT IS MESMERISM?

The air of late has been full of discussions respecting mesmerism and its use in medical practice—or, what is much the same thing, its applicability to the wants of social life when that life has to be ministered to for the relief of the ailments which beset it. In these latter days, mesmerism is no longer known under that name. It is now designated "hypnotism," and, as such, figures boldly both in the medical journals and in lay newspapers. Some time ago I became personally interested in the subject, and consented, at the request of my friend Dr. Bramwell, of Goole, to initiate a discussion on the question of mesmerism in medicine in *Health*. That symposium has proved to be of great interest; because a large number of eminent medical men have contributed to it, and because of the variation in opinions which the symposium has been the means of eliciting. A remark of mine in "Our Monthly Look Round" for May has also been quoted in the *New Review*, in an article by Dr. Bramwell and Mr. Lloyd Best, his collaborator, and has been criticised adversely by these gentlemen. Now that Sir Andrew Clark and others have delivered their opinions on hypnotism, we are certainly free to discuss the matter everywhere, for it is clear that the question whether, as a nation, we are to permit ourselves to be hypnotised will only be thoroughly settled by our first of all understanding what hypnotism is, and what it professes to do in the way of curing disease.

I made the remark in these pages on May 3 that the mesmerist or hypnotiser could only be successful where there existed intellectual sensitiveness on the part of his subjects. My words were: "It is impossible to hypnotise everyone; and, as far as my experience of it goes, only in the case of the intellectually sensitive—shall I add weak?—can hypnotism hope to secure its most characteristic effects." Dr. Bramwell and Mr. Lloyd Best, referring in the *New Review* (for the present month) to these words, state that Beaunis, a Continental authority, is "of the opinion that everyone is more or less susceptible to hypnotic influence." They add that their own experience seems to confirm the views of Beaunis. Now, one fact is worth many theories, and I maintain fearlessly that both Dr. Bramwell and Beaunis are in error. For, personally, although I have been many times tried by different hypnotisers, I have not been in the least degree affected. Again, I know others who are in a similar position to myself. They have not been mesmerised after repeated trials. Dissected out, Beaunis's statement, as recorded by Dr. Bramwell, is that everyone is "more or less susceptible to hypnotic influence." This is a relative statement, after all. It includes comparative degrees, from success to the zero-point; and it does not logically, therefore, mean all its authors might evidently be regarded as implying. To allege that everybody can be hypnotised is a rash assertion, and nothing more. For, to be true, it must include a full knowledge of every human being's mental constitution, and likewise of every hypnotiser's powers. Need one remark that neither Beaunis nor Dr. Bramwell nor Mr. Lloyd Best can (or will) pretend to such absolute knowledge? and, in the face of common-sense as well as of fact, I hold they are doing their cause injury when they expose it to an assault so easily made and so difficult to repel as that which even one's superficial examination of their statement suggests.

But "What is this hypnotism?" is a query the public are beginning to ask, and to which an answer must be afforded. I shall attempt a reply based on general grounds, such as, I trust, may be "understood of the people." A human brain is composed of a series of nerve-centres, or parts regulating and controlling actions of more or less well-defined nature. It is not one organ, but a collection of organs, all working together, in the healthy organism, for the regulation of the life mental and the life physical as well. This much is certain and sure. While there is harmonious working, however, between the brain-centres, there exists also a certain amount of independence among them. Such independence is inseparable from the nature of the multifarious duties the brain-centres discharge. They may be compared to the sub-departments in a great Government affair—like the Post Office, for example—wherein each subdivision, while owning a central and connecting authority, exercises, on its own behalf, a fair share of responsibility for the discharge of its own duties. Now, roughly, yet correctly speaking, the brain shows a division into what we may term intellectual centres and lower or automatic ones. The former, located chiefly, or wholly, in the forehead lobes of the brain, deal with the highest affairs of the mental state. They exercise the will, they are the seats of intellectual operations, and they constitute by their collective working "the conscious Ego" which is the essence of our responsible individuality. The lower or automatic centres, on the other hand, as their name implies, are in the position of self-acting machines. They control actions and operations which lie outside the will, and which are not (necessarily at least) associated with our consciousness. Reading and writing and walking are each and all acts which are automatically regulated. We have to acquire them, it is true, but, once acquired, they are ever afterwards performed without thought. Over such acts, then, the lower brain-centres preside. I might quote the heart's action, the regulation of the blood-vessels, swallowing, and the movements of the stomach in digestion, as additional illustrations of automatic acts. These lower centres of ours save us a vast deal of trouble and worry. They leave the intellect free to deal with deeper problems than are involved in the mere acts of living and being; and when we come to think of it we see that a good three fourths of our lives are really composed of actions which are performed utterly without thinking, and which are all the better performed, in truth, because we have not to think about them at all.

In sleep-walking we see how the lower centres of the brain can assume temporary command of the body, how they can rouse the sleeper from his bed, and direct and guide his movements unerringly in the majority of cases. Now, mesmerism, or hypnotism, is an analogous condition to somnambulism. I take it that in the hypnotic state, however induced, there is essentially the abolition of consciousness and will, by the repression for the time being of the intellectual centres. It is useless and needless to say how this occurs; it is sufficient to say it does occur. In one way or another, the hypnotiser succeeds in abolishing the intellectuality of his subject. The lower centres are stimulated and come to the front. Automatic life replaces the conscious existence; and the individual is, temporarily, as clay in the hands of the potter: he is made to think and act at the behest and command of the individual or individuals who have succeeded in reducing him to the level of a mere machine. This is the essence of hypnotism. Sir Andrew Clark put the matter in other words when he said that the liability of anyone to be mesmerised stood in inverse ratio to their intellectual development. If this means anything at all, it implies exactly what I said in these pages in May, that it is the intellectually sensitive (or weak) who are the hypnotiser's best subjects.

After this declaration, I have no more to say on the subject. If Dr. Bramwell or any other hypnotiser can

persuade certain people that they are not ill, that pain has left them, and that they must be made unconscious while being operated upon, I have no concern whatever with his procedure. All I maintain is, that he will not, and cannot, succeed with people having a fair or complete share of volition and intellectual force. Nor do I envy those who can be "mesmerised." As I have often expressed it, a person who is hypnotised is in the position (*quâ* his brain) of having the captain of the ship deposited from the quarterdeck, and the cabin-boy installed in the captain's place. And this is not an agreeable, safe, or healthy proceeding either on shipboard or in mental life.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

II A HAWKE.—We have constantly to reply to solvers who do not trouble to put the men on the board, and have not the ability to move the pieces mentally on the diagram. All your bewilderment arises from playing the solution over without a board.

R KELLY.—In your last three-mover, try the effect of 1. Kt to B7th (ch), K takes Kt; 2. P to B4th, &c.

W BARRETT.—If Black replies with Kt takes Kt, how do you propose to mate in two more moves?

R J H (Worthing).—Both works, we believe, are now out of print, but you might apply to Wade, Tavistock-street, about J. H's.

CM A B.—Black replies with P takes Q B P, and no mate follows in two moves.

RL (Horne Hill).—We are obliged for the information, and would be glad to publish some of the games.

CS H (Fullam).—It is a matter upon which we do not care to express an opinion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2404 received from the Rev John Williams (Barnstable, Mass.) and J White (Natal); of No. 2405 from Captain Chalmers; of No. 2406 from Tortebasse, H S B (Fairholme), Lieut-Colonel Loring, and G Y Quinn; of No. 2407 from Tortebasse, D Jackson, and W Gillet; of No. 2408 from R O Weatherley, F S Bishop, Delta, the Rev Winfield Cooper, CM A B, D L Bell, E W Brook, Tortebasse, H Beumann (Berlin), W S Salisbury, C E Perugini, and B Hacking.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2409 received from Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), C E Perugini, Dr F St, B D Knox, A Gwinner, J Coad, T Roberts, Fr Fernando (Dublin), D McCoy (Galway), Junior Junior, N Harris, G M Solerides, Hereward, E Casella (Paris), R Worries (Canterbury), Martin F, Dawn, TG (Ware), A Newman, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), R H Brooks, H S B (Fairholme), Shadforth, M Burke, Alpha, E B H, C L Smith (Shrewsbury), W R Baillem, Julia Short (Exeter), E W Brook, E Loudon, W H Reed (Liverpool), G Draper, F Mills, and F Percival.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2407. By F. HEALEY.

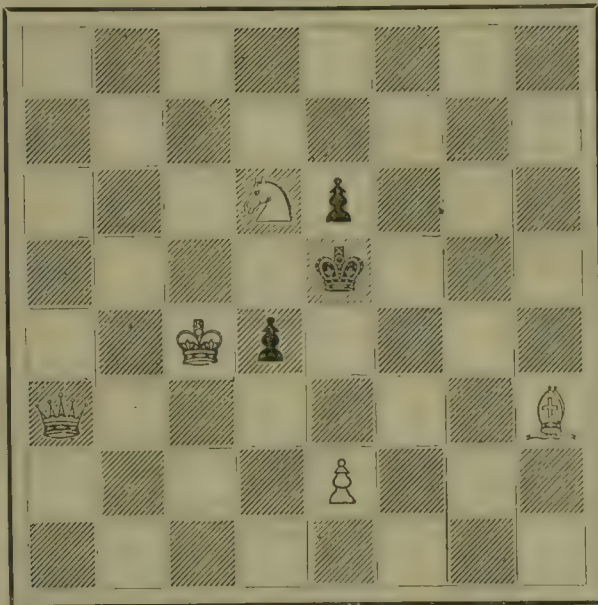
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to B8th	P to Q3rd
2. Kt to K7th	P takes R
3. Kt mates.	

NOTE.—This problem can also be solved by 1. K to B6th.

## PROBLEM No. 2411.

By W. HEITZMAN.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Mr. W. J. GREENWELL and Dr. E. CAVE.

(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Dr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Dr. C.)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	maintains a full equivalent in the attack obtained.	
2. Kt to K B3rd	Kt to Q B3rd	12. Q takes Kt	P to Q Kt4th
3. B to B4th	Kt to B3rd	13. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B
4. Kt to Kt5th	P to Q4th	14. P takes P	Q to Kt3rd
5. P takes P	Kt takes P	15. Castles	B to Kt2nd
6. P to Q4th		16. B to K3rd	P to Q5th
		17. Q to Kt3rd (ch)	K takes P
		18. Q to B7th	
		All this is excellently played by White.	
		19. Q to R5th (ch)	K to K3rd
		20. K to R sq	P takes B
		21. It takes P (ch)	K to Q2nd
		22. Kt takes P	Resigns.
		As White threatens 23. R to Q sq (ch), or 24. Q to Kt4th (ch), and to these there is no satisfactory reply.	

A smart little game played in the Dublin Mail Correspondence Tourney between Mr. F. ELSON, of Leamington, and Mr. W. H. GUNSTON, of Cambridge.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	11. B to K3rd	Q to B3rd
2. P to Q4th	P takes P	12. B to B4th	B to K3rd
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B3rd	13. B takes B	Q takes Kt
4. Q to K3rd	P to Kt3rd	14. B to B5th	B takes Kt
5. B to Q2nd	B to Kt2nd		and White resigns.
6. Kt to Q B3rd	K Kt to K2nd		
7. P to B4th	Castles		
8. Castles	P to Q4th		
9. P takes P	Kt takes P		
10. Q to B3rd	K Kt to Kt5th		

Mr. Eckenstein and Mr. Serrallier, who came out first and second in the last winter tournament of the City Club, are now playing a match of "3 up," draws not counting. They have finished two games, both of which were drawn.

Mr. Loman is making good progress in his return match with Mr. Wainwright at the City Club. The score now stands five to love in Mr. Loman's favour. Mr. Wainwright won the previous match. Mr. Loman is also engaged in a short match with Mr. Ross, in which the score stands: Loman, 3; Ross, 2; draws, 4.

The tournament cup of the Ealing Chess Club has been won by the Rev. W. Templeton King, of Brentford.

Mr. J. Pierce is about to start a two-move problem tourney in the *English Mechanic*, the pieces employed being limited to twelve, and another for two-move sol-mate positions. There will also be a solution tourney in connection with the above competition. Mr. Pierce will forward full particulars on application.

Mr. Gansberg will give an exhibition of simultaneous play at the City of London Chess Club on Friday, July 18.

The De Morgan gold medal has been unanimously awarded by the Council of the London Mathematical Society to Lord Rayleigh, Secretary of the Royal Society, for his memoirs on Mathematical Physics.

## THE HUMILITY AND PATHOS OF NATURE.

Never were we more impressed with the two qualities of nature named distinctively in the title of this article than when travelling in Switzerland, early in a summer now long gone past. The first came upon us, like a tender revelation, on crossing that sublime mountain pass the Tête Noire, on our way from Martigny to Chamounix. We deeply felt the touching charm of the second as we stood by the grave of a friend by the picturesque little churchyard of the latter village.

We had left Martigny at five a.m., and, at high noon, were nearing the summit of the pass, having reached that angle on the road where the Alpine range of mountains, with "Sovran Blanc" towering high above all, so suddenly bursts into view. To say that the scene is sublime and overwhelming is merely to utter a poor, commonplace phrase, to the ears of anyone who has been there. We waited long in silence, and then pressed on. Those who have gone over the same ground will remember that, abrupt and rugged, there towers to the right the impressive Fligière, pine-clad and grand, with exquisite glimpses here and there of rich pastoral beauty. On looking up towards one of these rich green spots we were much struck with what seemed to be a thin stratum of filmy cloud hanging immediately over the verdure of the mountain-side, in patches blue and crystalline as an Italian sky. The sight was unique, looking like an ethereal cloud hanging over some fairy realm. Leaving the pass, we struggled up through breast-high brackens and over lichen-covered rocks, passing some goats with tinkling neck-bells on our way. At last we arrived at the spot with mingled feelings of gladness and wonder. The illusion had dealt with us kindly, for, lo! before us lay a long stretch of blue gentians in their exquisite loveliness, touching in their humility. Beyond towered grandly Mont Blanc in his robes of snow. To the left rose, to the height of 12,000 feet, the inaccessible basaltic sides of the Aiguille de Drun; while, between it and Montanvert, stretched beyond, frozen for leagues, the "motionless torrents" and "silent cataracts" of the Mer de Glace. Yet, in the midst of all this sublimity, here was a little dell of blue gentians, fulfilling in their sweetness and humility the tender mission with which Heaven had honoured them.

That same day, after the sun had set, and just as the wondrous Alpine afterglow was kindling all the snowy peaks with that warm, rosy colour which never yet fell on vale or plain, we quietly sought out, by the margin of the little churchyard of Chamounix, the grave of our friend the Rev. George McCorkindale, of Gourrock, on the Firth of Clyde. It will be remembered that he was one of the party of twelve—tourists and guides—who lost their lives in that fatal August snow-storm on Mont Blanc, many years ago. As we stood by his grave in the twilight gazing on his name on the little marble head-stone, on which is also engraved the words "Ubi Crux Ibi Patria," and, beneath, "A man greatly beloved," our eyes fell on the flowers which modestly fringed his coverlet of grass. These were alike humble and touching, circlets of pansies and daisies. How appropriate, we thought, for him below—the symbols of meek lowliness and heart's ease! But, beyond these, some kind and thoughtful one had placed a small cluster of mountain daisies—the Scottish gowan—at his feet. As we looked on these humble yet kindly tributes of nature to him below, our thoughts turned to a Scotch manse on a sweet hillside overlooking the sea, and to those delicious evening hours when we together were wont to smoke by the study window—

As the stately ships went by  
To their haven under the hill,

long, long ago. But there are exquisite touches of humility and pathos in nature nearer home and under lowlier and more commonplace circumstances. Nor need we go far afield in our search: these fragile and lovely treasures often lie at our feet. They exist for the delectation of weary hearts, and, happily, it requires but a brief journey to bring us within touch of their healing influence, in the hard, exacting round of life.

In any single one of the many blessed opportunities which, we trust, you have had of lying during a summer noon in a sheltered lea, the cool pine-branches overhead just fringing with their shadows the grass at your feet, in the midst of those day-dreams which trick our brains with a vague delight, have you ever given ten deliberate minutes of your soothing reverie to the study of that lowliest of all nature's mercies, the grass of the field? Your eye may have lingered with rapture on the league-long billows rolling in on the shore, or on the deep, contrasting lights and shadows of a weird, stormy sunset at sea; but have you ever studied closely one spike of grass—that dainty little spear of fluted green? If you have, then you have had your reward, and we venture to predict that in nature's study you will yet graduate in higher things. To the worldling there is no beauty in it that he should desire it. It gives his foot a more restful touch with earth as he hurries along, but its kindly lowliness has no place in his heart, and no value in the sordid equations of his soul. Yet, think of it, and it will draw out your affections to fine issues in the way of insight to beauty and joy. It is the delicate fringe of the footpath, and covers the meadows with the glory of its perfect enamel. It is the soft and healthful bed of the lamb through the brief, starry summer night, the joy of flocks and herds, and the soft carpet for the little tender foot of the cottar's child. Without it this fair earth of ours would be a desolation of flinty rock and profitless sand. And when we are, at last, laid beside our beloved dead, in the old churchyard, the lowly and tender grass, more constant than ever, shall cover us with its loving folds, and dwell with us through storm and shine.

Who does not know and love that lowly friend and companion of the grass, the quiet humble moss? Unseen by the common eye, or, if seen, idly regarded in the passing glance as a blot of dirty grey or a patch of common green, it threads its way by the lonely footpath, wreathes the tiny chalice of the mountain-spring, weaves a soft covering for the dinted rock, and fringes the wayside well. Let the indifferent pass it by, unconscious of the pleasures they miss. If you would see its beauties, it will be worth your while to kneel beside it—it is almost too sacred for uprooting—and gaze long and lovingly into its starred tracery of deep emerald and rubied bloom. What fringes of gold! What spikes of amber! What interlacing of delicate fibres, as if the hands of Fairy Mab and her elfin train had woven it all in porphyry and silk of a thousand hues, from designs conceived in Paradise! And yet, amid its exquisite and subtle beauty, how humble and pathetic is its mission to men! A gentle covering for the scars of Time; a vision of simple grace for the weary heart; a pillow for the head of the worn-out child; and a tender coverlet for the grave of our beloved dead!

The pathos connected, by association, with certain flowers, in History and Romance, could well furnish a theme for a separate sketch. In allusion to this we have only to think for a moment of the rites of the ancient Greeks, of Ophelia, and of some charming passages in "Cymbeline." Wordsworth, in his immortal ode, well expressed the pathetic witchery they had over him:—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

A. L.



## THE BULLDOG SHOW.

The annual exhibition of bulldogs was held on June 10, under the auspices of the Bulldog Club, at St. Stephen's Hall, Royal Aquarium, Westminster. There were upwards of 200 entries, but, as these comprised dogs engaged in more than one class, the number on the benches was considerably less. In the challenge class for heavyweight dogs of 45 lb. and over, Mr. S. Woodiwiss's champion British Monarch was the winner, and to this dog was awarded the Bulldog Club's Fifty-guinea Challenge Cup for the best dog in the show. Mr. S. Woodiwiss also won the first prize in the corresponding class for bitches, with Dryad (late Rosa Belle), and the same animal carried off the prize for brood bitches. In the light-weight challenge class for dogs under 45 lb., Mr. J. H. Ellis's champion Grabber was first, and Mr. E. W. Jaquet's Ayesha gained the prize for bitches. The prizes in the open classes were awarded to Mr. G. Raper's Rustic Hero for dogs over 55 lb., and for bitches over 45 lb. to Mr. J. H. Ellis's Saleni. In the competition for dogs over 45 lb. and under 55 lb. the first prize was given to Mr. Beresford-Hope's Bedgebury Lion. Mr. A. J. Smith's Ruling Passion gained the prize for bitches under 45 lb. and over 35 lb. Mr. Henry Shaw's Enfield Grabber won the first prize for dogs under 45 lb., and Messrs. Deighton and Pedley's Zola obtained the award for bitches under 35 lb. In the puppy classes, Mr. A. J. Smith's His Lordship carried off the prize for dogs; and in the corresponding bitch class Mr. Pebody's Princess Cribb was successful. Mr. J. H. Ellis's champion Grabber was awarded the prize for stud dogs. Mr. G. Raper's Rustic Hero was first for dogs which had never won a prize at a show under Kennel Club rules, and Mr. T. B. Fergusson's Armida was successful in the class for bitches. Mr. J. H. Ellis gained the prize for the best team.

## THE WRONG SIDE OF THE WAY.

That most polished of gossips and liveliest of letter-writers, Horace Walpole, in a letter to his friend Sir Horace Mann, discourses upon Arlington-street as "the Ministerial street," and, after enumerating the members of the Government who lived therein, ejaculates, "As for you and me, I fear we live upon the *wrong side of the way*." Well, 'tis a melancholy fact that we don't, and can't, all of us, live upon the right side—that is, the right side as it appears to those who differ from us. A certain percentage must always shiver in the cold shade of opposition. The cardinal assumption in party politics I take to be that the "ins" are on the right side (which, as regards the "loaves and fishes" and the possibilities of power, they necessarily are), and the "outs" on the wrong. But as the wheel of Fortune sooner or later accomplishes a complete revolution, and the "ins" become the "outs" and the "outs" become the "ins," one sees a little confusion here. How, or why, does the right side get translated to the wrong, and *vice versa*? Is it, after all, a mere question of success? Why do the men now on the right so vigorously anathematise the men on the wrong, when it is absolutely sure that in a very brief time they will change places? The inexperienced may argue that a transference of sides does not carry with it a mutation of opinions, but history knows better. The new "ins" adopt the policy they reviled when they were the "outs," and the new "outs" forget the views which they proudly held when they were the "ins."

Taking life as a whole, one is forced to the conclusion that to fix upon the right side of the way is just the great problem which we are sent upon earth to solve. In the domain of morals, it is true, the difficulty of solution should not overwhelm a patient thinker; because the common sentiment of mankind has set up a fixed and definite standard—call it the Decalogue, the Institutions of Menu, the Laws of Confucius, or what you will—and inscribed upon it such distinct formularies, in such legible characters, that he who runs may read. Everybody knows that theft and lying, murder and adultery, covetousness and uncharitableness, lie altogether on the wrong side of the way. There is no mistake about it. The line of demarcation between the two sides is visible to all but the wilfully blind. And yet a good many people are engaged all their lives in the hazardous enterprise of keeping as near the wrong side as they can without openly crossing the border. They call it—some of them, free thought; others, free marriage; others, commercial speculation. Still, the main ethical principles are broadly set forth on the universal conscience: and neither an Ibsen nor a Zola can successfully confuse them. Probably the number who pick their devious footsteps "betwixt and between," as one may say, would be larger than it is did not the penalties of law come in to enforce those of morality—though not a few have craft and cunning enough to evade the penalties as well as the precepts. "There, but for the grace of God, goes Richard Baxter!" exclaimed that saintly man, as he saw a culprit haled off to prison. But it is not the grace of God that saves from their deserts the clever fellows I speak of!

No; one would be led to conclude, from a survey of things as they are, that some men are born lucky, some achieve luck,

and some have luck thrust upon them. Others there are who never, never get on the right side of the way. Whatever they undertake ends, as a matter of course, in failure. They go abroad without their umbrellas, and are drenched to the skin; leave their greatcoats at home, and are cut to pieces by the east wind. "That's just my luck!" cries the poor wretch, as he totters to the nearest shelter, dripping wet, or blue with cold. But, O fool! says an unfeeling world, why did you put aside the useful umbrella and the necessary greatcoat? Why were you blind to the signs of the skies? In other words, why did you take the wrong side of the way? It is pitiful to watch the gradual "Descent into Hades" of some of our unlucky fellow-creatures—the successive stages by which they sink into the bottomless pit. They start on a level with their contemporaries; but while Smith rises to the distinction of the higher places, and Brown keeps the crown of the causeway, Jones and Robinson fall behind, stagger into reeky lanes, slide down muddy slopes, and flounder into deadly quagmires. Good Samaritans ever and anon stretch out their hands to their deliverance; but in vain. Whether from moral obliquity, inherited defects of character, intellectual weakness—or whatever else is represented by ill-luck, they display a fatal alacrity in sinking! From first to last, they are always on the wrong side of the way.

So are they (from the world's view-point) who oppose themselves to the world's partialities, convictions, sympathies,

Presbyterians, Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists are all alike on the wrong side; and I hear she has quite a little body of disciples prepared to convince us of our mistake, and spirit us gently into security and peace. How noble this is, and how consoling! But how sad it would be if another popular novelist should show (in three vols.) that the former was as much in the wrong as those whom she lectured, and should also have a little body of disciples prepared! Alack and well-a-day! Will it not be more arduous than ever for simple folk to make out which is really the wrong side of the way?

Even in literature—I will say nothing of art, for that were to open up a hundred intricate questions—the "Choice of Hercules" has its difficulties. One would suppose the canons of criticism to be as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and as universally applicable as Pears' Soap or Beecham's Pills. Yet there was a time when Colley Cibber improved upon Shakspeare; and men have been who thought Tickell a greater poet than Pope, and Southey a sweeter singer than Keats. On the other hand, Keats himself poured contempt alike upon Pope and Tickell, and on all those makers of trim couplets who were wed "to musty laws lined out with wretched rule and compass vile." As for the novelists, Fielding is voted dull and Smollett obsolete: the elder writers are on the wrong side; for the right side of the way, seek counsel in— But to name names were dangerous: In like manner, the metaphysicians, the psychologists, the anthropologists, and other *savants* are

all for upsetting the old judgments. As Warburton wittily put it, "Orthodoxy is *my* doxy, and Heterodoxy *your* doxy." The right side of the way is obviously mine; yours is, and must be, the wrong side. Alas! change but the point of view, and the position will be reversed!

There is an oft-told story of Bishop Wilberforce, that to an ill-conditioned fellow who thought to get some fun out of chaffing a Bishop, and inquired, "Pray, my Lord, can you tell me the road to Heaven?" he replied in words, few but pertinent: "Oh, that is easy enough: turn to the right, and keep straight on." This sounds good advice, and I should not be surprised if many found guidance in the episcopal answer.

By this time the reader will not fail to see the conclusion I have been driving at in this modest exposition of a few of the embarrassments attending the solution of what I have presented as the great problem of life. It is this: that in the presence of difficulties so formidable, reason and prudence, as well as charity, incite us to be wisely forbearing towards those of our fellows who have chosen—or have been forced upon—what seems to us the Wrong Side of the Way.

For suppose it should not be the Wrong Side after all? W. H. D.-A.



"A THING OF BEAUTY."—SKETCH AT THE BULLDOG SHOW.

traditions; who heard the giant Prejudice in his den, and throw down the glove to crowned or mitred Authority. The Arnolds of Brescia, the Savonarolas, the Galileos, the Husses, the Mazzinis—these, in the eyes of their contemporaries, hopelessly wander on the wrong side of the way, and are burnt or imprisoned accordingly for their presumptuous breaches of law and order, their intrusion on the harmonious system of established despotism. However, they count the cost of their venture, and willingly pay it in life or liberty—convinced that the after-ages will do them justice, and discern that it was their persecutors, and not they, who walked on the wrong side—the dark and misty side, where God's stars are shut out from the feeble sight. Three centuries and a half ago men and women were burned at Smithfield for taking that side in religious belief which nowadays the great majority of their fellow-countrymen implicitly accept. Said Latimer to Ridley, as the flames leaped and crackled around them, "Play the man! We shall light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And it never has been put out, but has thrown its beams abroad, so that thousands and tens of thousands have been led onward by them. Yet this does not help us much, since there are millions who walk in quite a different direction, and turn their backs on Latimer and Ridley's candles. One might argue that some advance has been made since the days of Smithfield, since we no longer collect our heaps of fuel for the cremation of our wrong-sided fellow-creatures: but to this the reply is forthcoming that we still know how to make them uncomfortable! Is there, then, nowhere a gleam of hope? Well, a popular novelist has recently demonstrated (in three vols.) that Anglicans,

town to its present proportions, when it has a population of about 36,000 inhabitants. Besides the foreign trade in their hands, they have industries of their own; there are many flour-mills, cotton and paper factories, iron foundries, saw-mills, nail factories, &c., besides carriage and cart builders, chairmakers, and other small industries. The town now covers the large space up to Port Zea, embanked last year, thus forming a public promenade. It is proposed to dredge this bay, in order to relieve Port Draco of its smaller craft. The town also extends far up the slopes of Mount Elias, and on to the road to Phaleron, the watering-place of the Athenians, with which it will some day unite. There are to be found naval and military schools, as well as public schools, a hospital, many churches, and a large theatre, not yet completed. Besides the embankment, a road is being opened to Phaleron across Mount Elias. The blasting of a sunken rock in the centre of the port, temporarily discontinued during the winter, will be resumed, whereby several feet of water will be added to the depth. A small wooden pier has been commenced for the use of the Piræus-Athens-Larissa Railway, the construction of which will shortly begin. A larger supply of water for the town being needed, artesian wells have been sunk at Phaleron, whence it will be conveyed in iron pipes to reservoirs now being prepared for the purpose.

Miss Alford, of Girton, has repeated the triumph of Miss Ramsay, and almost matched that of Miss Fawcett, by taking a first place in the Classical Tripos, Cambridge. Miss Alford, daughter of the Vicar of St. Luke's, W., and niece of the eminent Dean of Canterbury, is one of four who stand in the First Division of the First Class.





GATHERING IVY FOR BALL DRESSES.

DRAWN BY H. CAFFIERI.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Daly Company from America has come back to us fresher and brighter than ever. Hitherto, these accomplished artists have been seen at Toole's Theatre, the Strand, and elsewhere; but they seem to be happier at the Lyceum than at any other house. At first it was feared that the Lyceum stage would be too large for the farcical plays with which Mr. Daly arranged to start his brief campaign. But all doubts on that score may at once be set aside. Never before has the brilliant comedy-acting of Miss Ada Rehan and her clever companion, Mr. John Drew, appeared to such advantage. The policy of Mr. Daly is to postpone until later on in the season the Shakspearean plays produced on a scale of such magnificence in New York. When the summer is more advanced we shall see Miss Ada Rehan—most enchanting of actresses—as Rosalind for the first time, and as the best Katharine that the modern playgoer world has ever seen. Then Mr. John Drew will appear as Orlando and Petruchio, and our curiosity will be satisfied regarding the Touchstone of Mr. James Lewis—a performance anticipated with a great deal of pleasure.

June 10 was devoted to the pleasant task of welcoming back old friends. Great was the excitement in the neighbourhood of Northumberland-avenue. America poured forth detachments from the Métropole, Victoria, and Grand Hotels, and another American contingent arrived in hot haste from the Langham in Portland-place. Consequently the stage was filled with flowers, and the auditorium rang with welcomes. Never was enthusiasm better deserved, for although the play was only the adapted German farce "Casting the Boomerang," with the same everlasting subject of a learned professor going on the spree, and repenting his rashness when it is too late, still it was acted from first to last with a spirit, vivacity, and ensemble that can only be obtained when actors and actresses are in the habit of performing together. But surely, from the highest-art point of view, these American comedians are entitled just now to very special recognition. We have in London at this minute two foreign companies in the habit of playing together continually. One is from the Gymnase, in Paris; the other is from Daly's Theatre, in New York. Now it is the fashion in Paris to snub English acting of any kind. No English company that has appeared in Paris—even Daly's—has obtained much more than a *succès d'estime*. But, if comparisons are not wholly odious, can it be contested that in the art of comedy the Daly company is not infinitely superior to the much-vaunted artists from the Gymnase? What actress—French though she be—now to be seen at Her Majesty's can for a moment be compared with Ada Rehan? What comedian has the ease and polish of John Drew? These two are now seen at their very best. The art of Ada Rehan is indescribable. She has abundant humour, a pronounced individuality, a superb presence, uncommon grace, and at the same time a power of contrast and delicacy of touch that almost amount to genius. Ada Rehan literally lights up the stage. Her face is capable of endless expression, her voice is musical, and even her little exaggerations are pardonable from their thorough whimsicality. It is worth going to the Lyceum merely to see the scene in the last act of this farcical play, where Ada Rehan as a madcap girl, left alone in an empty house, tempts her lover across the street to console her in her solitude. The scene with the astonished old postman, and the subsequent incident of the meeting of the bashful lovers, belong to comedy and not to farce, solely by the rare art of the players, and such art is, indeed, exhilarating just now, when a wave of depression has come over our stage, and our own best comedians are airing their "fads" to the extinction of comedy, in which they excel. How strange it all is! At one London theatre they are turning Goldsmith's comedy into broad farce, at another playhouse they are turning German eccentricity into polished comedy. At one place they are levelling down, at the other they are levelling up. The latter process is infinitely the better and the more wholesome. When the actor-manager question comes up for discussion next time, it may be hoped that a good word will be said for Mr. Augustin Daly, an artist and still an autocrat. There is no suggestion of round pegs in square holes in his company, and there is every gain from having at the head of affairs one who has had a vast experience of the stage, who has been a critic of the stage for many years, and who knows as much as most men what is or is not good acting. At any rate, Mr. Daly commits no outrages on Shakespeare or the old English comedy writers. He is more respectful to the "Taming of the Shrew" than any actor who ever desecrated the play. He refuses to turn it into a noisy, boisterous, vulgar farce, as so many actors have done; he does not allow Petruchio to become a pothouse bully, or Katharine a screaming virago. Miss Ada Rehan, as Katharine, is the very embodiment of high comedy as distinguished from noise and bluster. And so with "The Country Girl." There is no need even for a modern audience to destroy the spirit of the original. Mr. Daly's company has come at a very opportune moment. It illustrates forcibly and unhesitatingly the advantage of a director who is not an actor—a director who considers the play as much as his company, a director who does not, because the age is thoughtless, increase its irreverence by flinging literature out of the window. And, more than that, it demonstrates the fact that the taste for comedy is not dead among us, as has recently been declared. The Daly Company plays up to the intellect; it never plays down to the dead-head. Many old friends have returned, and, with them, many new faces appear. Those delightful comedians Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis are once more with us, and they have brought two more American favourites in Mr. Frederic Bond and Miss Kitty Cheatham—the one a graceful young actor, the other a merry sourette. The Daly Company is almost sure to be the dramatic attraction of this London season.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr has given to the Comedy Theatre a capital version of "Les Femmes Nerveuses," which he calls "Nerves." He has done all for the play that witty conversation and epigrammatic dialogue can do, but it was not possible to make the main motive quite strong enough for a three-act play. All the scenes devoted to the ridicule of the hysterical unreason of the modern woman go capitally, but when the play rushes off into the conventional rough-and-tumble farce it begins to weary a little. Cannot managers recognise the fact that the public taste is capricious? We have spells of melodrama, spells of farcical comedy, spells of seriousness. For the present the reign of melodrama and French farce are over. The public cries "Enough!" It is comedy that is wanted. The first dramatist who produces a real comedy illustrative of modern English life will make a fortune. This is the tendency just now, and, if we want an example, look at the success of "A Pair of Spectacles," the simplest and yet the most delightful play of modern times. When we get hold of artists like John Hare, Charles Hawtrey, Maude Millett, Ada Rehan, John Drew, we want comedy, opportunities for character. We don't care to see them employed in tumbling over chairs and sofas, or running in and out of doors. We want to see them represent men and women, to be types of character, not gymnasts. In "Nerves," whenever Miss

Millett and Mr. Hawtrey get hold of a bit of true comedy, how they enjoy it, and how well they do it! At the breakfast-table, as the modern Naggletons, they are delightful. But what can they do more than run in and out of a confectioner's shop?—a kind of pantomime rally! Mr. Edward Lighton, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Larkin, and Miss Lydia Cowell are all seen to advantage in "Nerves," which promises to be a success.

Last week Mr. John Hare played dear old Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles" for the hundredth time at the Garrick Theatre, and, by a curious coincidence, on the same evening he completed his twenty-fifth year of honourable service on the stage. No actor on the stage is held in greater respect, for his career has been one of remarkable moment. He is at once the best and most polished of comedians, and as the leading manager of London has the best interests of the stage at heart. His modesty as an actor is an exceptional trait in his character. He certainly bears out the theory that managers should efface themselves as actors, but so brilliant has been his success as Benjamin Goldfinch that all who love the stage must devoutly hope that Mr. Hare will never for the future cast a play in which he has not a very prominent character. C. S.

## THE NEGRO QUESTION IN AMERICA.

England cannot fail to regard with deep interest and sympathy the development of the negro population in the United States. Slavery was established there by our fathers in the old colonial days, and although we have done our best to wipe out the blot from our own escutcheon by the costly Act of West India Emancipation, and by incessant attempts to suppress the slave trade on the African coast, yet we are morally identified with the abiding results of slavery in America. Twenty-six years have sped since the system was abolished by the Proclamation of President Lincoln, in the midst of the terrible Civil War. The coloured people now rising into manhood and womanhood were born in freedom, though not a few over thirty years of age can recall the dark days of bondage. What have been the results of this great act of manumission? What is the condition, and what are the capabilities and the prospects, of the negro in the Southern States? To use a common Americanism, "He is there to stay." His average rate of increase far exceeds that of the whites, inasmuch that fears are entertained by some of the growing disproportion between the races. The last census of 1880 revealed the fact that in the two States of Alabama and Florida the numbers were almost evenly balanced. In the three States of North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia, the proportion of negroes to whites ranged from three fifths to eight ninths. In Louisiana they were 483,655 to 454,954; while in Missouri they far outnumbered the whites, being 650,291 against 479,393, and in South Carolina the proportion was still greater, 604,332 to 391,105. It is expected that the next census will reveal yet more startling contrasts.

It must be remembered that the generic term "coloured people" is applied to all who have any negro blood in their veins, from those of jet-black hue and woolly hair, through the gradations of quadroon and octoroon, up to those with fair skins and blue eyes. In traversing the South, and especially in visiting the schools, it is impossible not to be struck with the appearance of some of the children, who reveal to the ordinary beholder none of the characteristics of the negro. But they are aware of it themselves, and the race peculiarities are certain to appear in some way. It is a sad story, coming down from the old slavery days, and showing how the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation. The social distinctions are marked. As a rule, the coloured people prefer to remain separate, even for educational purposes and those of worship. They have their churches, some of these being spacious and crowded; and they have their coloured preachers, whose sympathies and tastes are in accord with the highly emotional nature of their hearers. In domestic affairs they keep to themselves. They carry on their own festivities and entertainments. They organise their own processions, of which they are inordinately fond, and will seize upon any excuse to parade the streets with a band. They have their benefit and burial societies, one of which, "The Blooming Lilies," has a membership of many thousands, with branches ramifying over a wide area. In some districts they are still compelled, however respectable and well dressed, to travel on the railroads in the smoking-cars. An instance occurred only last year of two coloured Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church being forcibly removed from an ordinary carriage. This is in direct violation of the Amendment of the United States Constitution, which provides that no disqualification whatever shall attach on account of colour. In several instances, actions have been brought against railroad companies, who have been amerced in damages for refusing to allow coloured persons to ride in the ordinary cars. But there is an unreasoning prejudice on the part of many ignorant white people which has yet to be overcome. There is also a strong sentiment, and even State enactments, against intermarriage; not that negroes, generally speaking, manifest a wish for such alliances.

One of the most pressing and painful subjects is that of negro illiteracy. Of the eighteen hundred thousand coloured children and youth in the Southern States, not one half are enrolled in schools, and of those on the books the average attendance is inadequate. In some of the States the education given in the public schools does not represent three solid months in the year. One third of the voters in Kentucky cannot read or write, and one third of her children are in no school. Taking the whole South, not one tenth of the coloured voters make any appreciable use of reading and writing. In large "coloured" churches it is still the practice to "line out" the hymns, because few of the congregation can read. The ignorance of many of the coloured preachers is notorious, and instances might be given that would appear ludicrous if they were not so painful. A recent writer in the *New York Independent* speaks of "the extraordinary relapse into barbarism which is going on among the negroes." Numbers of them occupy dwellings where the conditions of common decency are impossible, and that tend, directly and inevitably, to filth, disease, intemperance, and crime. Philanthropists and sociologists in America are keenly alive to these facts. Private enterprise has done and is doing much to roll away the reproach. Benevolent men like Peabody, Slater, Hemmenway, and others, have performed a noble work in their munificent gifts for education in the South. The ecclesiastical organisations of the North are raising large funds and sending qualified men and women into the field. Last year, the Southern State Legislatures voted more than sixteen millions of dollars for public education, seven eighths of which were furnished by the white taxpayers. The Senate of Alabama has recently affirmed its obligation and fixed purpose to aid in the education of the coloured children. Such is the sentiment of the South generally, but it is felt that the work is too vast and too urgent to be accomplished by local effort, though aided by Northern philanthropy, and that Congress must come to the rescue.

In the meantime, it is cheering to observe what is being

accomplished, and the eagerness with which the young coloured people avail themselves of educational facilities. Numerous colleges, training institutions, normal and elementary schools have been established and are in successful working. Chief among these are the Fisk University, at Nashville, Tennessee, so well and favourably known in England through the efforts of its students, the Jubilee singers; the Atlanta University, Georgia; the Howard, at Washington; the Shaw Institute (Baptist) and the St. Augustine (Episcopalian), both at Raleigh, North Carolina; and the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute of Virginia, under the presidency of General Armstrong. The question will be asked, Does the average negro make adequate progress? and, further, What are his mental capacities relatively to the white race? The reply given by those most competent to judge, and confirmed by observation, is that young negro children do quite as well as the average white children. But the better class of coloured youths are capable of the most advanced education. It is not a question of brain with the black man. It is easy for him to acquire knowledge; but to attain character is a very different thing. To educate them wisely and properly requires attention to the whole routine of daily life. Hence the importance of thorough training, which shall include the development of the moral nature, and, where possible, instruction in handicraft, as well as the imparting of mental knowledge. This method has been largely carried on, with gratifying success, but it will have to be continued and widely extended in the future. W. H. S. A.

## MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

## THE DUDLEY GALLERY ART SOCIETY.

The summer exhibition of water-colour drawings at this society (Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly), although up to the usual standard, contains little or nothing of special interest. The number of artists who can produce creditable works seems to be practically unlimited, and the distance between the newcomers and those already known to frequenters of this society's exhibitions is so slightly marked that one is at a loss to understand how the latter maintain their place in the estimation of picture-buyers. The committee on the present occasion have adopted the plan of grouping to some extent the works of the most prolific exhibitors, and in this way the public can gauge the limits of an artist's powers; but the ordeal is one to which it is unkind to subject many a painter, who would prefer to have his (or her) work measured by the standard of another's success or failure. The president (Mr. Walter Severn) contributes more than half a dozen sketches, partly of Highland and partly of Riviera scenery, all painted in the broad, direct style to which he has accustomed us. Of these, the most successful, perhaps, is the view of "Mentone" (130) from the cemetery behind the town, with the bright red roofs of the village standing out in strong relief against the brilliantly illuminated sea. Among the other successful exponents of life on the coasts of the Mediterranean must be mentioned Signor Menta, whose minute and delicate studies are among the best things in the exhibition, although we can scarcely regard him as equal to another local artist—Signor Piana of Bordighera—who on previous occasions has exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. Among Signor Menta's sketches we specially recommend to attention "Umbrellas to Mend" (337), the outside of the mender's little shop, and "In the Greenhouse" (154), a very clever and bright bit of colouring. We are glad to recognise the merits of Miss Rose Barton's study of "St. James-street" (30), in a pale haze, but enlivened by the passage of the Life Guards, and her still more successful work "Ploughing" (232), a thoroughly artistic work in every way. Of Miss Dorothy Tennant's three contributions, that of "Boys Bathing" (343) is, perhaps, the most satisfactory in drawing and design, but "Our Small Brother" (342) has a touch of humour as well as pathos which makes it delightful. Among other works which deserve notice may be mentioned Mr. Victor Corden's "Grande Porte, St. Malo" (20) and Mr. Hubert Medlycott's "Rouen Cathedral" (44) and the "Grosse Horloge" (45), pleasant and careful studies of two old Norman cities, famous for their architecture. In large landscapes, Mr. John Fullwood's "Vale of Shere" (63) and Mr. Reginald Jones's "View of the Oberalp" (320) from Andermatt, looking towards the Furca Pass, bear away the palm; and among the works on a smaller scale we should mention Mr. George Marks's "When the Sun is Low" (56), Mr. Alfred Jephson's "Rainy Day at Totnes" (60), Mr. H. J. Thurnall's "The Spey near Craig Mackie" (102), Mr. Rupert Stevens's "Amberley" (133a), Mr. Albert Stevens's "Prebend's Bridge at Durham" (144), Miss Bailyard's "Field of Daisies" (273), Miss Jane Inglis's "Filey Brig" (289); while for figure studies Señor Benlieure's "Arab Sheik" (140) and Mr. Robert Fowler's "Gleaner" (217) display a generous rivalry between a foreign and a British artist, in which our fellow-countryman has no reason to regret the result of the comparison.

## "TIRED OF LIFE."

The modern German school produces each year fresh evidence of its attachment to realistic painting, and of its preference for subjects which can be brought home to the simplest mind. In Professor Neide's picture, now on view at 85A, Regent-street, there is no attempt at idealisation or of turning aside from the hard facts which even the romance of life has to face. The artist, who comes from the distant frontier city of Königsberg, may or may not have been well advised to take as the subject of his really powerful picture an episode which must be still fresh in the minds of all concerned. Even casual newspaper readers felt their blood tingle when, only a few years ago, they heard of the tragic death of Count Mybach and the lady whom Fate had not allowed him to marry. The suicide by which the two lovers ended their sorrow may have been another symptom of that "Fin de Siècle" malady of which we have recently seen the witty rendering in the French play by M. Blum at Her Majesty's Theatre. In Germany, however, lovers take matters more seriously, and there Madame De Val Chevrete might have found a partner like Count Mybach, who would have gratified her desire for a dramatic ending to a disillusioned life. Herr Neide treats the subject more seriously, and, if we may be permitted to add, too prosaically. The choice of the little wooden steam-boat pier jutting out into the Starnberg Lake doubtless attracted the lovers, but it unnecessarily hardens the scene, while accentuating its reality. The two figures locked in a last embrace, bound together by a coarse rope, are about to take the fatal leap, and into them the artist has thrown an amount of feeling and character which is worthy of all praise. He has made no attempt to give an heroic or affected pose to the two actors in this solemn tragedy. They have evidently weighed the dreadful alternative before them in life, and have decided it to be intolerable, and therefore they are here in the grey autumn morning to make an end of it, with the cold wind sighing amid the withered sedges for their funeral dirge. Herr Neide has done his self-appointed but disagreeable task well. And, although the subject is a gruesome one, the power with which it has been treated is incontestable.



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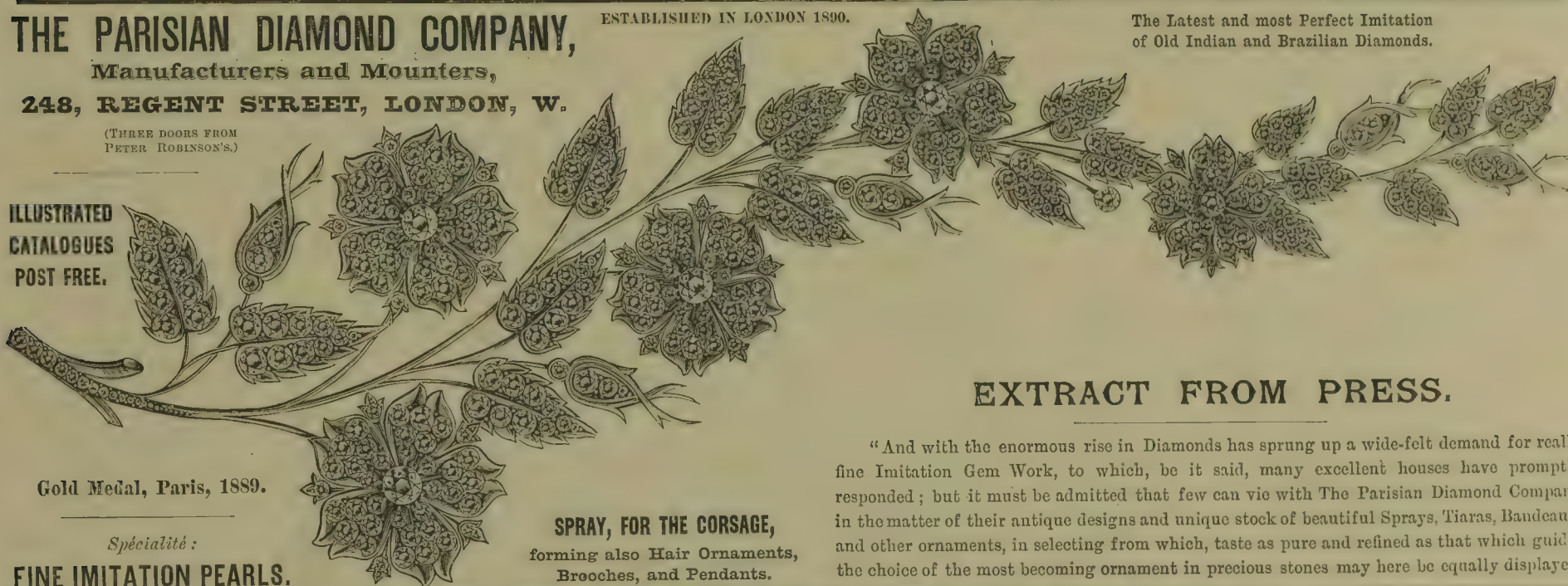
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## ÆSCULAPIAN POETS.

It is the happy privilege of the essayist to choose his own way of travelling over the paper without regard to the laws that bind more serious writers. He is no slave to method, although he may have a method of his own, and if, in his treatment of a subject, he chooses to begin at the point where another author would leave off, no one will care to blame him. In making, therefore, a few remarks on some English poets, who have also practised, or tried to practise, medicine, I shall begin with the latest and, beyond all question, the greatest—John Keats. At the early age of fifteen the future poet was bound apprentice, after the fashion of the time, for a term of five years to a surgeon at Edmonton. His love of literature and of poetry was just beginning to develop, and there is little doubt that he greatly preferred "ramping" through the "Fæerie Queene" to the somewhat servile drudgery demanded of a doctor's assistant. Before the term was up Keats quarrelled with his master and left him. Then he went to London to study in the hospitals, and is said to have lived for a year over a tallow-chandler's shop in St. Thomas-street. Already the poet's fire was in his brain and burst forth occasionally, but for a time his medical studies were not neglected, and he passed with credit his examination as licentiate at Apothecaries' Hall. But he had no desire to excel in his profession, for his absolute devotion to poetry (as a fellow-student said) prevented his having any other taste. The Muse who visited Keats was a jealous mistress, and could bear no rival. So at the age of twenty-one he resolved to devote his life to literature. Alas! that life lasted but five years—years so rich in poetical fruit and so full of sorrow that even the saddest stories of "mighty poets in their misery dead" are not more pitiful than the biography of Keats. No poet loved beauty with a more ardent devotion, and the love was all the deeper as he felt it receding from him. Like Laodamia, he opened his arms to embrace what seemed an adorable substance, and closed them on blank air. "I think," he once said, "I shall be among the poets of my country," and that gain assuredly is his. The fame came, as it often does come, too late; but "the glory dies not, and the grief is past."

The most painful portion of Keats's life is associated with Hampstead, where he was smitten with his fatal malady, and where, sitting on a seat in Well-walk, he told Hunt that his heart was broken. About the same time Crabbe, who had also, as a youth, been apprenticed to a surgeon, was spending happy days there, rhyming with much ease, reading what he had written to Joanna Baillie, and enjoying the occasional society of Rogers, Campbell, and Wordsworth. Crabbe had a hard time as an apprentice. We are told that his master employed him rather as an errand-boy than an assistant, and compelled him to sleep with the ploughmen. At eighteen, however, the apprentice fell in love with a young lady, whom after many a weary year he married, and love taught him that he was better fitted for a poet than a surgeon. He seems, however, to have made some attempt to study anatomy, for his landlady accused him of digging up her dead child. Afterwards, he started as an apothecary at Aldeburgh, his native town; but Fortune frowned upon his efforts, and, leaving his lady-love, he went to seek his fortune in London, with three pounds in his pocket, a case of surgical instruments, and a bundle of manuscripts. To these, and not to the instruments, which he never used, Crabbe owed his friendship with Banks and a happy life, which can be read at large—and pleasant reading it is—in his son's biography. It is pretty

evident that Crabbe's renunciation of medicine was no loss to the Faculty.

My next illustration carries me back to the last century and to Dr. Erasmus Darwin (the grandfather of a far greater descendant), who wrote the once famous "Botanic Garden," a portion of which—the "Loves of the Plants"—still survives in Canning's brilliant parody, the "Loves of the Triangles." If anyone wishes to learn how not to write, I recommend him to read Anna Seward's stilted "Memoirs of Darwin," which she modestly calls "a sketch of deceased eminence." It is the funniest of books, while written in the most serious vein. The "Swan of Lichfield," who sang herself to admiring swains, and, to Scott's despair, left him her posthumous works to edit, admires what she calls the "dazzling splendour" of Darwin's verse, and observes that the doctor for twenty-three years, with the wisdom of Ulysses, bound himself to the medical mast that he might not follow "those delusive syrens, the Muses." Occasionally, however, he wrote verses, and these minute gems, the lady tells us, "have stolen into newspapers and magazines since the impregnable rock on which his medicinal and philosophical reputation was placed induced him to contend for that species of fame which should entwine the Parnassian laurel with the balm of Pharmacy." The Doctor's Parnassian laurel is withered, and the "Botanic Garden," for which the publisher gave an immense price, has long been a dead book. Miss Seward was, indeed, unfortunate in her prophecy that the light of this "daring bard's imagination will shine with increasing lustre in the eyes of future generations so long as discerning Taste shall be the Vestal to watch and support its fires." As a philosopher and physician Darwin was a brilliant theorist, and also a man of great practical sagacity. He seems to have succeeded in restoring patients whose cases had been declared hopeless, and in one case he proposed injecting blood into the veins, a practice then long disused, if he could get an instrument made for the purpose. Miss Seward bravely suggested that the supply should be taken from her arm, and "Dr. Darwin said he would consult his pillow upon it." This private consultation, however, convinced him that the risk was too great.

When Darwin as a young man was successfully practising at Lichfield, Dr. Goldsmith was making a second but vain effort to gain a living as a physician in London. The story goes that Goldsmith, disgusted at the refusal of an acquaintance to use his prescription, declared he would leave off prescribing for friends, and that Beauchamp replied, "Do so, my dear Doctor! Whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies." Poor Goldsmith, whose fame in literature is likely to be more lasting than that of greater men, was his own enemy through life, and in his last illness persisted in the use of a patent medicine, and rejected the advice of the physician whom he had summoned. Few men of letters have been more beloved than Oliver Goldsmith, but those who knew him best were the least likely to trust to his wisdom as a medical adviser. He has made the world healthier and brighter by his charming books, and a tale like the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield" is an admirable prescription for anyone who, to use the phraseology of the Doctor's time, is troubled with "the vapours."

Space fails me long before my subject is exhausted. Something I should like to have said of Akenside, who, in his capacity of physician, lived partly on the pleasures of imagination and chiefly on the more substantial bounty of a friend; something, too, of that good man, eminent physician; and

totally forgotten poet, Sir Richard Blackmore, who won the sneers of Pope and the praise of Johnson, by whom he is placed "among the first favourites of the English Muse"; something of Garth, who wrote "The Dispensary," and gained a large practice, and Pope's friendship; something of Byrom, "who gave over medicine and the chance of medical honours merely to follow up and win the lady he was wooing to wife"; and something of Armstrong, whose professional position was insignificant, but whose didactic verse has been compared by a foolish biographer to that of Virgil and Lucretius. Here are topics for anecdote and detail, and for the discursiveness an essayist loves; but enough, perhaps, has been said to show that the noblest of all arts, and one of the noblest of professions, seldom agree well together. I believe that no one up to the present time has excelled in both, and, considering how much Medicine and Poetry claim from their votaries, I may pretty confidently assert that nobody ever will. J. D.

The Rev. A. J. D. d'Orsey has resigned the Professorship of Public Reading and Speaking at King's College, after twenty-six years' service.

Mr. Monro has resigned the office of Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, a post to which he was appointed on the retirement of Sir Charles Warren two years ago.

Earl Granville opened the new training college of the British and Foreign School Society at Spring-grove, Isleworth, on June 13. At the annual meeting of the society, held subsequently, Mr. Mundella was the principal speaker.

At the Auction Mart, on June 12, Messrs. Hammett and Co., of Pall-mall, by order of the mortgagees, offered for sale the leasehold property known as the Albert Palace, Batterssea Park, which was erected about six years ago at a cost of £200,000. The auctioneer gave an elaborate description of the attractions of the property, but there was no offer.

A return issued by the Board of Trade shows that the tonnage of sailing and steam vessels of British nationality entered and cleared with cargoes and in ballast at ports in the United Kingdom in 1889 was 52,460,654, as compared with 50,395,254 in 1888; and the tonnage of vessels of foreign nationalities was 19,420,241, as compared with 18,123,891 in 1888. In 1889 the United Kingdom owned 7,724,159 tons of shipping, and the British Empire 9,472,060 tons.

The Benchers of Gray's Inn have awarded to Mr. Charles Maturin the Bacon Scholarship of £45 per annum, tenable for two years; to Mr. Arthur Sigfrid May the Holt Scholarship of £40 per annum, tenable for two years; to Mr. Thomas Bailey Clegg the Lee Prize of £35; and a second prize of £10 10s. to Mr. William Henry Cromie. A studentship in Jurisprudence and Roman Law of 100 guineas for two years has also been awarded to Mr. Charles Maturin at the Trinity Examination 1890.

The idea of the summer naval manœuvres has been promulgated. It is intended to make Dover the base of operations, and the area to be covered will embrace a portion of the French coast, the Bay of Biscay, and the Spanish and Portuguese coasts down to Gibraltar. The Invincible, Galatea, Iris, Glatton, Barrosa, Minotaur, Hero, Traveller, and Northumberland will be specially commissioned for the manœuvres. The enemy will endeavour to secure possession of the English Channel and harass the mercantile marine, whose interests will be guarded by a fleet cruising along the south coast and extending into the Atlantic.

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TO EUROPEANS WHO PROPOSE RESIDING IN OR VISITING HOT CLIMATES, I consider the FRUIT SALT to be an indispensable necessary, for by its use the system is relieved of poisonous matter, the result of eating to nearly the same extent, and of too rich food, as they do in a colder country, while so much heat-making food is not required in a warmer climate. By keeping the system clear, the FRUIT SALT takes away the groundwork of malarious diseases, and all liver complaints, and neutralises poisonous matter.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY. You can change the Trickling Stream, but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ. HOW IMPORTANT it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy, such as "ENO'S FRUIT SALT," to check disease at the onset! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders, or ship captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" be your companion: for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why frequently, without any warning, you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c.; then your whole body is out of order—the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end. It is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is, "I will wait and see—perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;" whereas, had a supply of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" been at hand, and made use of at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death! "I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life." J. C. ENO.

STIMULANTS AND INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT OF EXERCISE FREQUENTLY derange the liver. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." "All our customers for ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' would not be without it upon any consideration.—Wood Brothers, Chemists, Jersey."

## IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

"We have for the last four years used your 'Fruit Salt' during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of 'Fruit Salt' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the 'Fruit Salt' two and three times a day. The 'Fruit Salt' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly,"

"To J. C. ENO, Esq., London."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS. "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

Commander A. J. LOTTUS, his Majesty's Hydrographer, R. E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Straits Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, May 1888.

A gentleman writes: "Dec. 27, 1887. After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at 'ONE WHO KNOWS.'"

The first small parcel came fully up to what



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Quite a feature of current fashion in society is the ever-growing expenditure on floral decorations. It is not only at dinner parties, but perhaps even more largely at balls and "at homes," that this increasing expenditure on flowers is perceived. At a ball given recently by two young men, brothers—a new departure in entertainments, this—the rooms were hung with roses; the staircase was lined with a high trellis which was literally covered with roses, ranging in tone from pink to dark red. In the rooms, orchids were profusely used, the whole of the mantelpieces being covered with golden and mauve orchids, then pink roses passed up the side of the overmantels, the tops of which were dressed with yellow and dark green orchids combined with branches cut from orange-bushes, showing intermingled, in the curious way that that plant affects of combining blossom and fruit, wax-like white flowers and little golden globes.

At a ball given by Lady Macdonald, in a great house in Grosvenor-place hired for the occasion, a good effect was produced by the abundant use of very simple flowers. It is quite the fashion now for people whose circle of friends is very large, while, their households being small, they live in what the house-agents call "bijou residences," to hire a big empty house on purpose for a party. The cost is heavy; for not only is a great rent asked for the night and the previous days of preparation, but, in addition, very much more floral decoration must be given to the empty house than is absolutely necessary when all the ordinary adornments of the room can remain on the walls. However, to hire in this manner of course saves a great upset in one's own house, as well as provides more space than ordinary private residences allow, and hence the custom of engaging a house for the night is growing. Indeed, the trustees of a certain young Lord, who have been vainly, for some years past, trying to let the family mansion unfurnished, have now had it done up thoroughly, and the electric light put on, and offer it for hire for entertainments, assured that this will pay better than waiting for a permanent tenant.

At the ball which I am describing, the square entrance-hall was one great mass of pink and white carnations, marguerites, and ferns. The ball-room was hung with amber silk, having straight trails of marguerites and ferns from ceiling to floor, dividing the wall into numerous small panels; the fireplaces were filled with banks of the same blossoms. In the doorways and the windows hung great round balls of pink and white carnations. The gas chandeliers were shaded with what looked like inverted umbrellas of yellow silk, beneath which appeared festoons of the marguerites and carnations. The same flowers formed close banks on the landings, and in a few other situations suitable for such treatment. Though the flowers were not expensive ones, singly considered, yet, in such numbers, they must have been costly enough. At a recent party at Mrs. Edmeston's, the floral decorations consisted of mauve orchids, mixed with purple irises, and rising gracefully above the mass of blooms were feathery pendants of well-filled sprays of oats. Needless to remark that oats at the present season are hot-house products as much as orchids; and nothing could be more graceful than the effect of the pale-green feathery grain hanging lightly above the close-set purple and mauve blossoms. At a dance at Mrs. Crawshaw's, the staircase was hung and the handrail covered with a charming combination of the white stars of the stephanotis and the pale pink of pelargoniums, intermingled with tiny electric lights. In the ball-room, which is panelled with red brocade, the pink flowers were but little used, but there were masses and balls and strings and hangings of the stephanotis alone. The perfume was overpowering.

Our annual contingent of American visitors is arriving in full force. American women come here to shop as much as for anything. Many of them make an excursion over every year or every other year to fulfil this important duty. It is not a question of fashion alone. Styles can be sent over, and some of our best houses, such as Redfern's, positively have branches in New York. But there is an extensive choice in London, such as can be had nowhere else, not even in Paris; and prices here are so much lower than

in the "protected" United States that Americans find it worth while even to pay the duty in order to take home goods manufactured in England. It is, probably, partly out of consideration for the American summer visitors that Mr. Tom Jay has just opened a magnificent new saloon at his International Fur Store at 193, Regent-street, instead of waiting till the hot weather is over. Many English ladies also, however, buy their furs in the summer, as that is a cheaper time than when the cold weather "puts up" the wholesale market. The new saloon is a fine and vast one, with ceilings painted with jungle scenes, and plenty of light, and abundance of mirrors. It contains just now "a remarkable collection of the rarest and costliest furs."

Among them are a gigantic Chinese tiger-skin (who ever knew before that there were tigers in China?), exquisitely marked, and measuring twelve feet seven inches from the tip of his tail to his nose. Then there is a superb African lion, with such a mane, and measuring over ten feet from nose to tail! These, of course, are to make rugs. Another curiosity is one large seal-skin showing on several thirds of its length the different processes of manufacture. One end is merely cleaned, and that is covered with a stiff long grey fur, totally unlike sealskin as we know it. The next process, it seems, is to pull out all the long top hairs, and then the "bed rock," so to speak, of the seal's coat is revealed—a soft, thick, short fur, just such as our jackets are made of, only it is a pale cinnamon brown in colour. Then the other end of the skin displays the fur dyed and finally dressed all ready for making up into a garment. It is very ingenious to have got it all shown on one skin. The new seal jackets are being made with high shoulders and full sleeves set into a close-fitting cuff; the collars are mostly of the tall Medici order. One jacket with collar, cuffs, and front of chinchilla is particularly charming. Long evening cloaks of silk brocade, lined throughout with the white fluffy fur of the Thibet goat, and finished with a boa of the same, are quite fascinating.

It is rather sad that, at the very moment of Miss Fawcett's triumphant proof that the higher intellectual processes are within reach of a female brain, the House of Lords should have

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has a most cooling, soothing, healing, and invigorating effect on the Face, Hands, and Arms during Hot Weather. It prevents and removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness and Roughness of the Skin caused by Hard Water or Sea Bathing; soothes and heals all Irritation, Stings of Insects, Eczema, Burns, and all Cutaneous Eruptions, &c.; renders the Skin soft, smooth, and delicate, and produces a beautifully fair and healthy complexion. Bottles, 4s. 6d.; Half-Bottles, 2s. 3d.

## ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

a pure and fragrant Tooth Powder; it whitens the teeth, prevents decay, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath.

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

the best preserver of the Hair, and is unsurpassed as a Brilantine for the Beard, Whiskers, and Moustachios. Also sold in a Golden Colour for fair-haired children.

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Makes Tin like Silver, Copper like Gold, Paint like New,  
Windows like Crystal, Brass Ware like Mirrors, Spotless  
Earthenware, Crockery like Marble, Marble White.



refused to allow electors to avail themselves of the services of women on County Councils. It does not matter much, perhaps, whether women are on this or that particular County Council. What does matter is that women should be prevented, merely because of their sex, from filling any posts or undertaking any duties to which they can prove themselves competent. As Lord Derby pointed out, electors will not return women to these offices unless they have reason to believe that the women candidates are better fitted for the work than men who offer themselves at the same time. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the choice of the electors should be confined to one sex alone, in these days when the intellectual competence of women for every sort of effort is so abundantly demonstrated.

The Women's Franchise League are going to hold a conference on the position of women in all countries, and on the Programme of the League, on July 16 and 17, in Westminster Townhall. Many distinguished foreigners will be present. Mrs. Pankhurst and Countess Schack, the Hon. Secs. of the League, will send tickets on application to 8, Russell-square, Bloomsbury. Miss Romola Tynte will recite, and Madame Belle Cole will sing, at an entertainment for the benefit of the same society in Princes' Hall on July 8, at eight o'clock in the evening.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Berwick, of the general disposition and deed of settlement (dated April 8, 1889) of the Right Hon. Marianne Sarah, Baroness Marjoribanks, of Ladykirk, Berwickshire, who died at Ripley Castle on Aug. 19 last, granted to the Hon. Mrs. Sarah Askew and the Hon. Dame Alicia Margaret Ingilby, the daughters, the executrixes-nominate, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £34,000.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Feb. 6, 1869), with a codicil (dated June 19, 1876), of the Right Hon. George Patrick Percy, Baron Carbery, late of Castle Freke, in the county of Cork, and of Laxton Hall, Wansford, Northamptonshire, who died on Nov. 25 last, to Colonel Edmund Anderson Shuldham, the surviving executor, was resealed in London on June 10, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his daughter, the Right Hon. Georgiana Dorothea Harriet, Countess of Bandon, for life, and then for her children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 7, 1889) of Mr. Robert George Duff, D.L., J.P., formerly Captain 12th Foot, late of Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on March 30 last, was proved on June 5 by George William Duff Assheton-Smith, the son, and Garden Alexander Duff, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £194,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his daughter, Louisa Alice, Lady Vivian; £15,000, upon trust, for his son Charles Garden Duff, for life, and then for his grandson and godchild, Robert George Vivian Duff; his leasehold residence, Wellington Lodge, Ryde, with the furniture and household effects, to his son Charles Garden Duff; £15,000 to his son Henry Assheton Duff; an annuity of £500 to his niece Helen Emma Duff, and £2000 to her for such charitable or benevolent institutions, objects, or purposes as she shall select and determine; and a few other legacies. There are also some specific

legacies to his children and his said niece. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said son Charles Garden Duff.

The will (dated July 25, 1878) of Mr. James Jephson, formerly of Beech Lawn, Leamington, Warwickshire, and late of 60, Warwick-square, and of "Bramlands," Woodmancote, near Henfield, Sussex, barrister-at-law, who died on April 17 last, was proved on May 31 by Mrs. Julia Jephson, the widow, and Matthias Thomas Hodding, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £84,000. The testator leaves one third of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children; one third to his son Henry William; and one third to all his children, including his said son.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Selkirk, of the trust disposition and settlement of Henry Scott Anderson, M.D., of Dovecot, Selkirk, who died on March 15 last, granted to George Anderson, Andrew Potts Beechwood, Alexander Peddie, M.D., Thomas Anderson, M.D., and Charles Alexander, the accepting executors-nominate, was resealed in London on May 29, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £63,000.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1877), with four codicils (dated Feb. 5, 1878; Dec. 29, 1880; Jan. 12, 1884; and Sept. 18, 1886), of Mr. James Williams Scarlett, J.P., formerly of Copped Hall, Hertfordshire, afterwards of Thrybergh Park, near Rotherham, and late of Dowland House, Uckfield, Sussex, who died on April 30, was proved on May 30 by the Rev. James Williams Scarlett, Robert Lawrence Scarlett, Thomas Rowland Scarlett, and Harry Scarlett, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator gives £5000 to each of his four younger children, Robert Lawrence, Thomas Rowland, Harry, and Annie, they not having had any legacy under the will of their grandfather; £200 to his gardener, William Toulson; £200 and an annuity of £100 until Jan. 1, 1895, to his cousin Grace Shrewsbury; £200 to his cousin Agnes Maryon Grant; and £500 and a cottage at Falmouth to Mrs. Charlotte Ann Fitzgerald. He appoints the trust funds under his marriage settlement to his five sons—William James, James Williams, Robert Lawrence, Thomas Rowland, and Harry; and the property he has power to appoint under the will of his late wife's brother to his seven younger children—James Williams, Robert Lawrence, Thomas Rowland, Harry, Mary Williams, Charlotte Anglin, and Annie. He directs his estate known as Gigha, in Scotland, to be sold, and the proceeds, with the residue of his real and personal estate, to be divided between his said five sons.

The will (dated April 16, 1888) of Miss Elizabeth Green Carr, late of 2, Buckingham-place, Brighton, who died on April 15 last, was proved on May 30 by Robert John Ellis, the nephew, and Francis William Arkcoll, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in Aid of Foreign Missions, and the London City Mission; £100 each to the Benevolent or Stranger's Friend Society, the Brighton Town Mission, and the Brighton Ladies' Bible Association; £50 each to the Brighton and Hove Dispensary and the Brighton Provident Dispensary; and a few other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Mary Ellis, for life, and then for her children.

The will of the late Mr. Frank Linsly James, of 14, Great Stanhope-street, was proved, with a codicil, by his brothers,

J. A. James and William D. James, in the Principal Registry of the Court of Probate, on June 14. There are considerable legacies bequeathed by his will, including a legacy of £5000 each to the Hospital for Incurables at Putney and the Cheyne Hospital for Sick Children at Chelsea; a legacy of £500 to the captain of his yacht, the Lancashire Witch; and a legacy of £10,000 to Mr. Ethelbert E. Lort Phillips, to whom he also bequeaths an annuity of £1200. The residue of his estate is bequeathed, in equal shares, to his two brothers, Arthur and William, but, as to one half of the same, upon the trusts declared by his will. The personal estate (exclusive of his real and personal estate in the United States of America) was sworn at the sum of £100,009 5s. 1d.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1886) of the Right Hon. General Sir Thomas Montagu Steele, K.C.B., P.C. Ireland, J.P., late of 70, Eaton-square, who died on Feb. 25 last, at Frimley Park, county Southampton, was proved on June 5 by Dame Rosalie Malvina Steele, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator leaves Thornley Grange Farm, and all his farmlands, messuages, and hereditaments in Northamptonshire, and all his hereditaments in any adjoining parishes or counties, and £2000, to his daughter, Elizabeth Steele. All other his real and personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

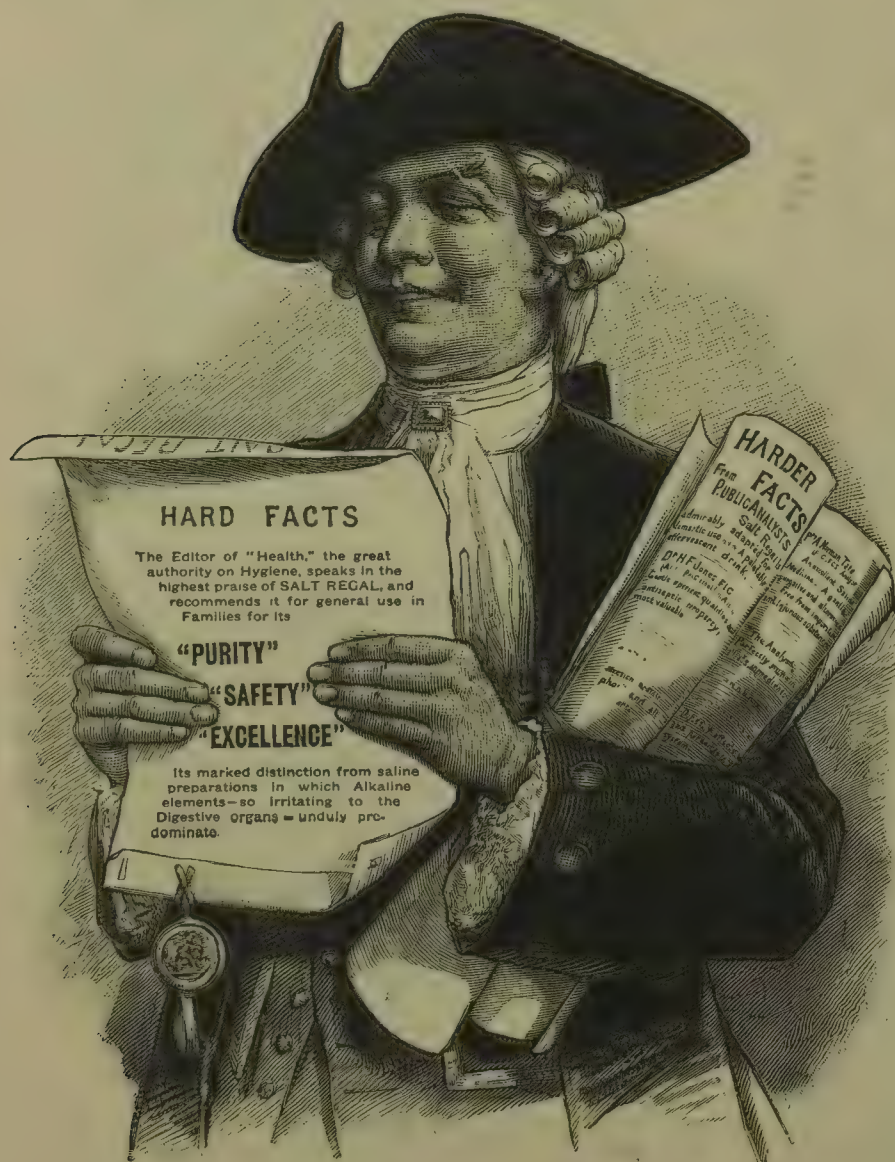
The will of Mr. William Taylor Prentis, J.P., late of Maidstone, Kent, who died on May 4, was proved on June 2 by Mrs. Agnes Mary Prentis, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000.

The will of General John Yorke, C.B., late of Plas Newydd, Llangollen, Denbighshire, and of 89, St. George's-road, Piccadilly, who died on March 28 last, was proved on May 28 by Miss Etheldred Yorke, the sister, and Colonel Charles Birch Reynardson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £3000.

June 13 was "Grand Day" at Gray's Inn, and in the evening the treasurer (Mr. James Sheil) and benchers entertained a number of guests at dinner.

At the sale of the third portion of the objects of art the property of Mr. E. Joseph, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on June 13, the remarkable collection of miniatures, consisting of seventy-six fine examples by R. Cosway, R.A., and some contemporary artists, was sold in one lot for 9300 gs.

Mr. H. M. Stanley was, on June 11, presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh in the Grand Hall of the Exhibition. The Lord Provost presided, and made the presentation. Next day Mr. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow, the ceremony taking place in the City Hall, in the presence of a company numbering 3000 persons. Mr. Stanley was afterwards entertained to luncheon in the City Chambers by the Corporation; and in the evening he gave a lecture at a meeting of the Glasgow branch of the Geographical Society. On the 13th Mr. Stanley addressed a large meeting in Kinnaird Hall, Dundee, on his experiences in connection with his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. Lord Kinnaird presided. Mr. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the city next day, and entertained at a public banquet. Afterwards he left for Aberdeen, being the guest of Lord Aberdeen at Haddo House. On the 16th Mr. Stanley lectured in Aberdeen, and on the 17th received the freedom of the city and was entertained at a public banquet.



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Sung with great success by Miss Liza Lehmann at the  
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Written by F. E. Weatherly.  
Sung by Madame Patey.

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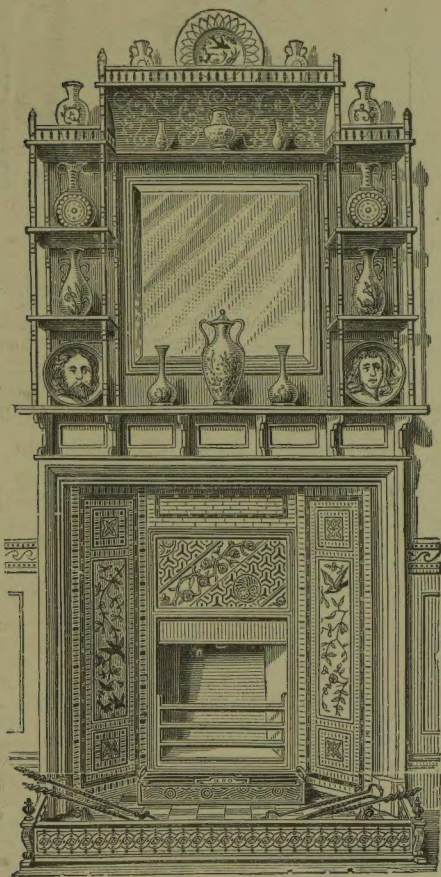
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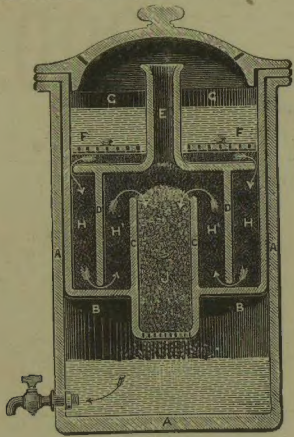
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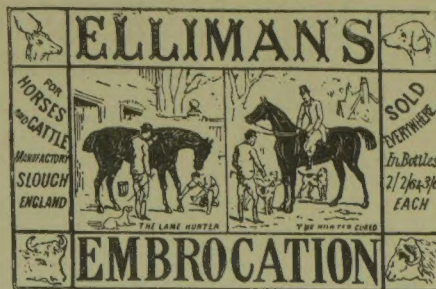
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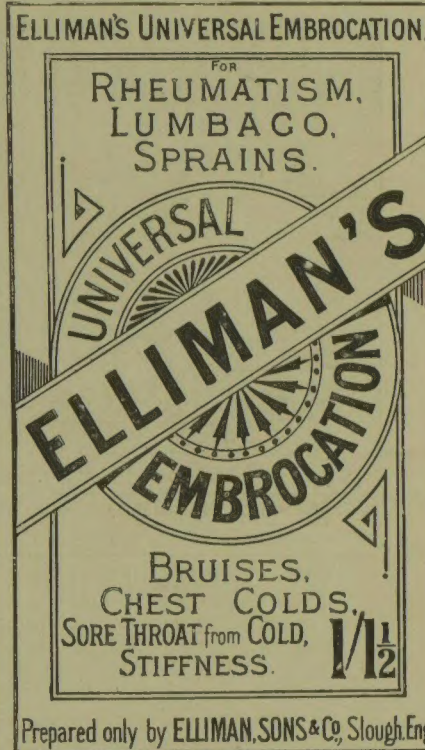
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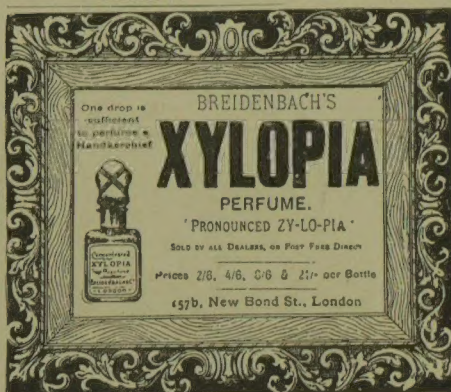
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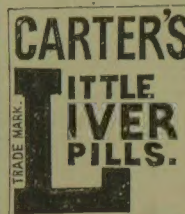
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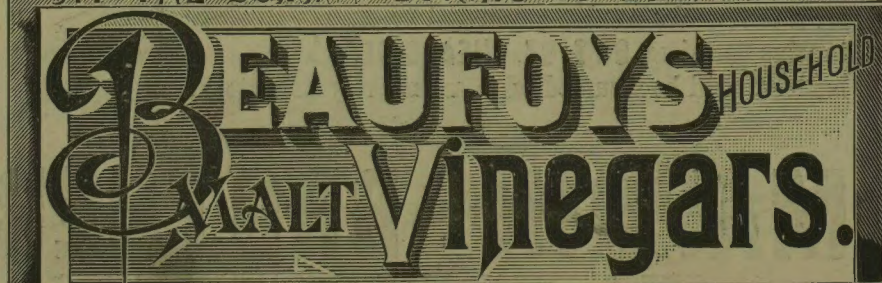
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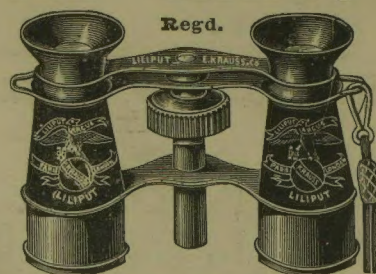
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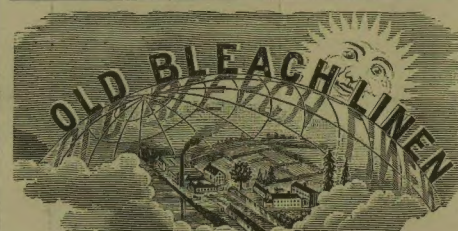
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